Saturday Review

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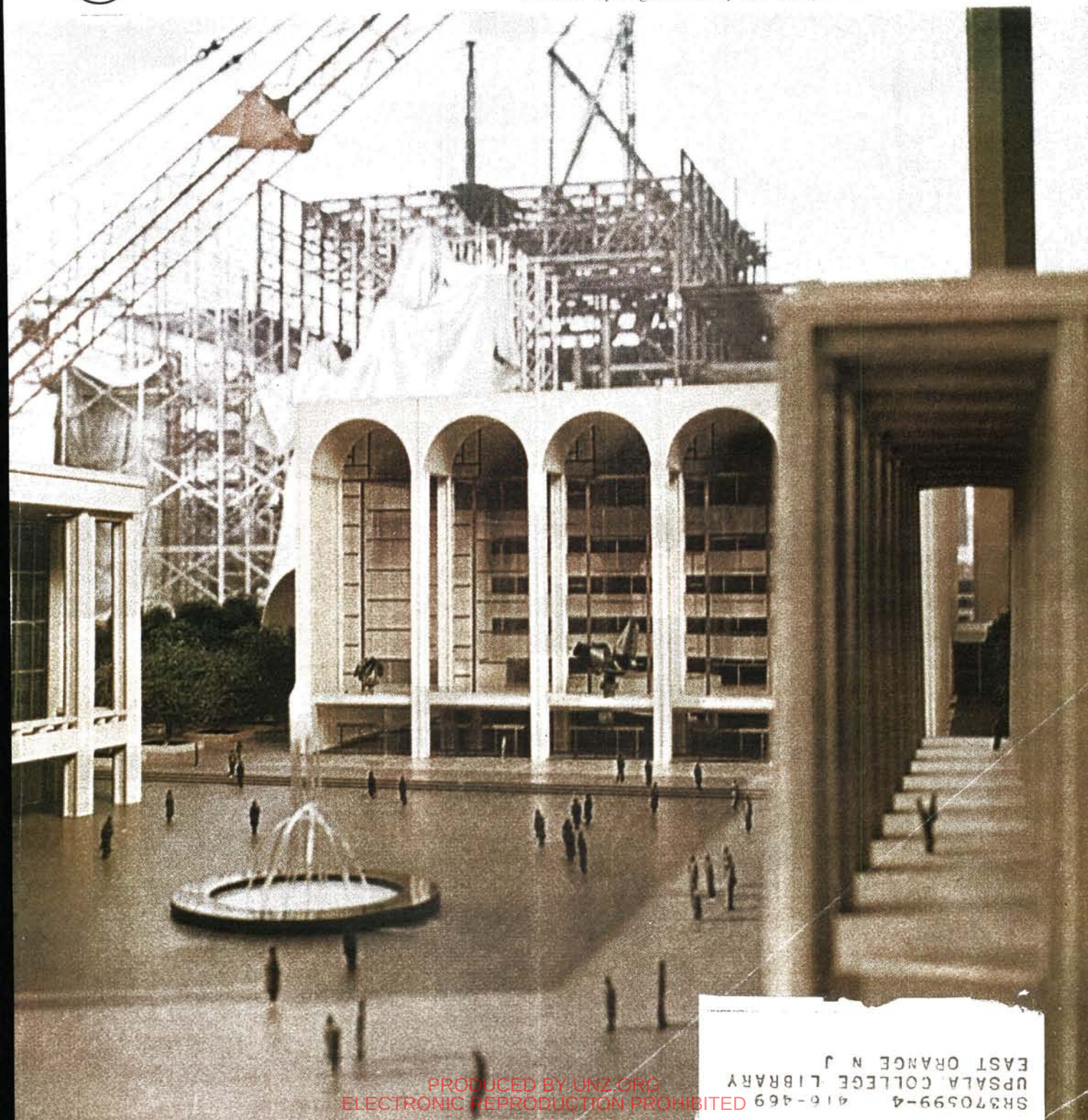
A NEW MOOD FOR THE NEW MET

By Irving Kolodin

RECORDINGS

January 25, 1964 25¢

The New Metropolitan Opera House takes shape behind a model (foreground) of the completed Lincoln Center



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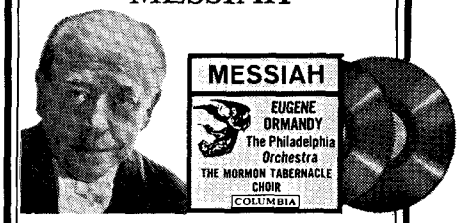
The Greatest Classical Recordings of our day!

"A mighty drama perfectly presented."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*

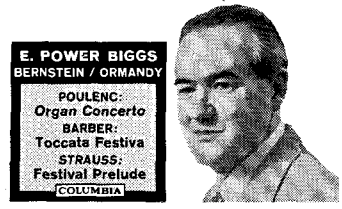
HANDEL MESSIAH



1107-1108. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) "Zestful and gloriously recorded...a powerful, vital statement!"—*HiFi Review*

"Americas most celebrated organist." —*Newsweek*

MUSIC FOR ORGAN AND ORCHESTRA



1268. E. Power Biggs plays three powerful works by Poulenc, Barber and Strauss in a truly "impressive performance."—*Am. Rec. Guide*

"The most dazzling technician ever." —*Chicago Daily News*

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ

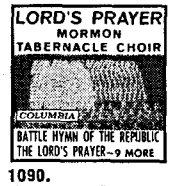
1068. "The greatest of Romantic pianists...there is simply nobody else around who produces his kind of tone from a piano."—*HiFi Rev.*

"Will make your hair stand on end." —*HiFi Stereo/Review*

SHOSTAKOVITCH SYMPHONY No. 5

1288. "Leonard Bernstein at his best." — *Chicago Tribune.* "Truly memorable listening."—*New York Journal American*

1095.

1078.

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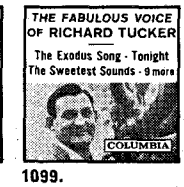

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1273-1274. *Two-Record Set

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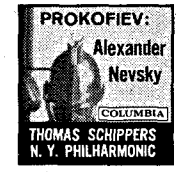

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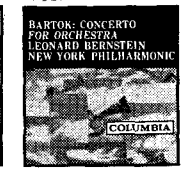

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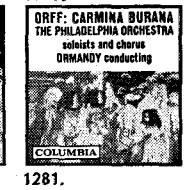

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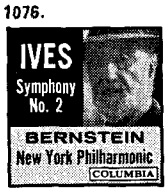

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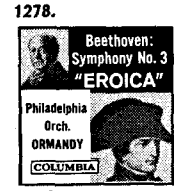

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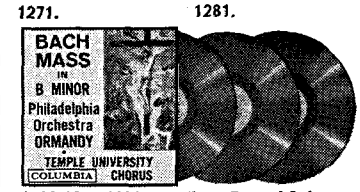

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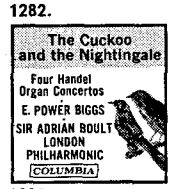

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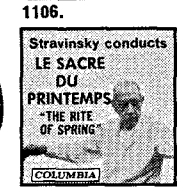
1104-1105. *Two-Record Set



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1284. (Stereo version is electronically re-channeled)

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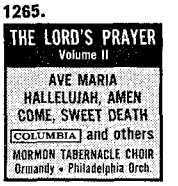

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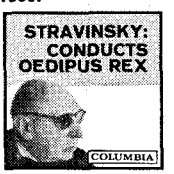

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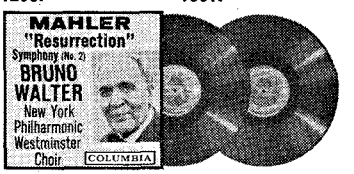

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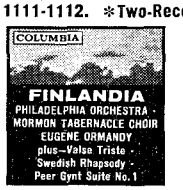

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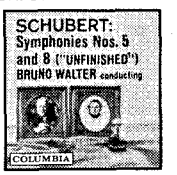

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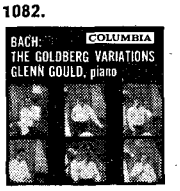

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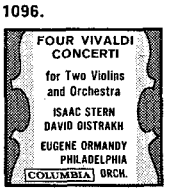

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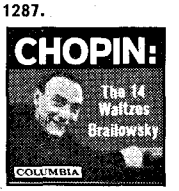

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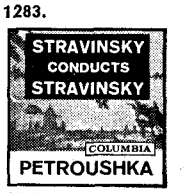

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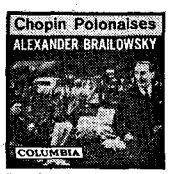

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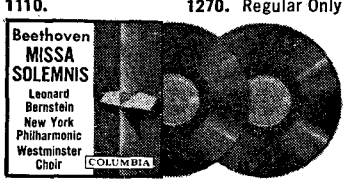

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Your Opinion, Please

PART 2

Our question (Your Opinion, Please, SR Nov. 9) was: should THE VILLAGER®, makers of liberal-intellectual clothes, advertise in SR? Or do you consider the purveying of clothes irrelevant to the mood of the magazine? Although some of you said no ("Is nothing sacred?" G.R.), most of you said yes. ("Yes." A.P., R.N.W., R.C.D. "Yes, yes, yes." R.L.M. "YES YES YES YES YES YES YES." S.K.)

Many of you said such flattering things ("Villager clothes are Ideas." M.A.S.) that modesty forbids us to publish them.* Your concern for the financial aspects we found interesting ("SR's rates are probably high." R.H.) and touching. ("Subscribers do not keep a magazine in the black, advertisers do." W.F.)

To our surprise, however, our description of Villager clothes as "liberal-intellectual" tapped an unsuspected vein of conservative feeling. ("I am a conservative." E.C.J.) Even, alas, anti-liberal feeling. ("Ban the Bomb types run to tweeds." M.M.M. "Liberal intellectuals rarely find the fastidious charm of your garments as appealing as a baggy sweatshirt or similar untailored garb." S.S.)

We feel this point needs clearing up, since it seems to have aroused anger ("How the hell can a dress be liberal-intellectual?" S.L.) and confusion. ("Do you mean they have no pockets, or that they are out at the seat?" J.M.R.) We had in mind liberal in a general, rather than a political, sense. We think of it as "free in giving; generous, open-hearted."** Thus:

A largesse universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to everyone.
W.S., Henry V, prologue to Act IV

With this point cleared up, and your mandate ("Delighted." H.J.P.) solidly behind us, we shall roll up our sleeves and prepare, for the near future, a bona fide ☞ advertisement. ☜

**Write us, we'll send you reprints of liberal (sic) sampling of the letters.*
***The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary.*

The Villager®
THE VILLAGER INC.
Department S.R.
1407 Broadway, New York

Saturday Review

January 25, 1964

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Edited by Martin Levin

Decline and Fall Of the Cad

There used to be a cad about,
And he was quite a wooer,
A spooner and a gadabout,
A biller and a cooer;
And though his business went to smash,
He married. I must add,
His wife was forced to work for cash!
He was a proper cad!

There was a dandiprat about,
A cad by definition.
He smoked, while ladies sat about,
And did not ask permission!
The ladies sniffed, the ladies snuffed,
But little did he heed.
Upon his cigarette he puffed!
He was a cad indeed!

But now, when people meet about,
I hear no more: "Egad, sir,
No bushes I will beat about,
But you, sir, are a cad, sir!"
And if the words should be expressed
To many a modern lad,
The only answer they'd suggest
Is "Pray, sir, what's a cad?"

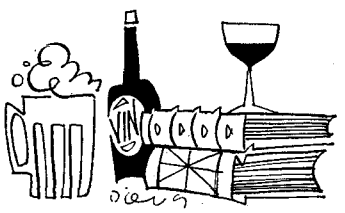
—Morris Bishop.

The Writer

RING LARDNER lived in the spring of 1933 at Doctors Hospital on East End Avenue, where he had been dying of tuberculosis. His wife, Ellis, had a hotel apartment on East Eighty-sixth Street near Madison Avenue, and his son John and I lived at the Hotel Peter Stuyvesant at Eighty-sixth and Central Park West. Since my cousin John and I both had Mondays off from our sixty-hour week at the *Herald Tribune* (the Newspaper Guild had not yet been invented), we usually arose about Monday noon and made our way by crosstown bus to Ellis's place, where she was obligated to say, and always said, "Well, boys, I suppose you haven't had breakfast," and then we would go to the hotel dining room where at least two of us ate like a horse.

After breakfast-lunch, Ellis, John, and I would take a cab to Doctors Hospital, where visiting hours began at 2 p.m. and where we usually stayed no more than an hour because Lardner felt so sick. Sick or well, however, he was the funniest man I'd ever met or have ever known since. Almost everything he said was funny, absolutely original, and since we were writers and he was, for us, The Writer, not one moment was wasted if I could help it. John, being quieter and, probably, more polite, did not ask as many questions as I did, but I knew that we would not be granted such a privilege much longer and, indeed, Ring was dead by September. He had felt so sick for so long that I cannot honestly say I would have wished him much more life as he had had to live it.

All sorts of people came to see Ring Lardner, of course, many of them very famous, some of them simply trying to borrow money, which was always given them despite the fact that Ring wasn't exactly working regularly. Others came simply as friends. One day Claudette



Colbert showed with her husband, Norman Foster, who had had something to do with *June Moon*, the great Broadway spoof on song-writing that Ring and George Kaufman had written in 1929. Within five minutes of her arrival, pink hair and all, an intern Ring hadn't seen in weeks came in to ask if the patient didn't want a hot-water bottle; two nurses suddenly showed up with extra pillows; eventually most of the medical staff came to inquire about Mr. Lardner's health, now precious to all.

Ring loved to bet—and I don't mean ten bucks at a time—on baseball and football, and he was, of course, highly proficient at it. He had covered sports all his life and one of his constant visitors was Grantland Rice, in many ways his closest male friend, of whom he had a great many. ("And some of their names is Legion," he once wrote). The year he died he bet $1,500 on the Yankees at even money but they didn't win the pennant that year and it wouldn't have made any difference to Ring if they had, because he was dead before the World Series started. It had pleased his ear for language when Jack Doyle, the Broadway betting commissioner, had confirmed the spring bet by phone, assuring Ring that he now had "a yard and a half" on New York to win.

But writing was his true love and he knew all there was to know about his contemporaries, including the rising young Ernest Hemingway, who had publicly acknowledged a debt to Ring for having freed dialogue from the stereotype of the nineteenth century. Ring thought "Fifty Grand" quite a story, though I think some of Hemingway's sex stories embarrassed him. A more modest and strait-laced Victorian never lived when it came to language standards and four-letter words.

One afternoon in March, around the time of his forty-eighth birthday, Ring's prior guest was just leaving as Ellis, John, and I arrived at his room. I said, "Wasn't that Sherwood Anderson, Uncle Ring?" He said it was, and that he and the great Ohioan had been talking since lunch and wondering by now why either of them had ever left his small town in the Middle West.

"Because you had something to say," said John suddenly. This was the longest sentence from John in months and it startled me.

"I guess it wouldn't have been so great at that," Ring said. "Small towns are fine to grow up in and a writer finds out a lot of things in small towns he can't learn anywhere else. But it wouldn't be the same as you got older in a small town."

"I like New York," I said, having just come from the same small Michigan town.

"Well," said Lardner, "Dickens didn't have any trouble learning to write and the town he lived in wasn't exactly an open field."

"I think Dickens was sentimental," I said pompously. Lardner looked up sharply but said nothing. I went on at length that Dickens was a sentimental fool.

"Well," said Ring after a bit, trying not to hurt me, "Dickens isn't read any more and it's a shame. He could write about people and make you want to put your arm around them."

"He was awfully sloppy," I persisted.

Lardner took a Turkish cigarette and lighted it with his trembling hands. He did not look at John or me for a while. He coughed hard and punched out the cigarette expertly.

"How can you write if you can't cry?" said Ring Lardner.

—Richard L. Tobin.

Stars in the News

(*As they appear in the Mexican press*)

ELISABET TIELER and Ricardo Burdon, Joshoe Loogan, Burl Yvers, Curd Jurgents, Jaines Monsfeld, Jon Huystin, Franck Synatry.

—Emil Zubryn.

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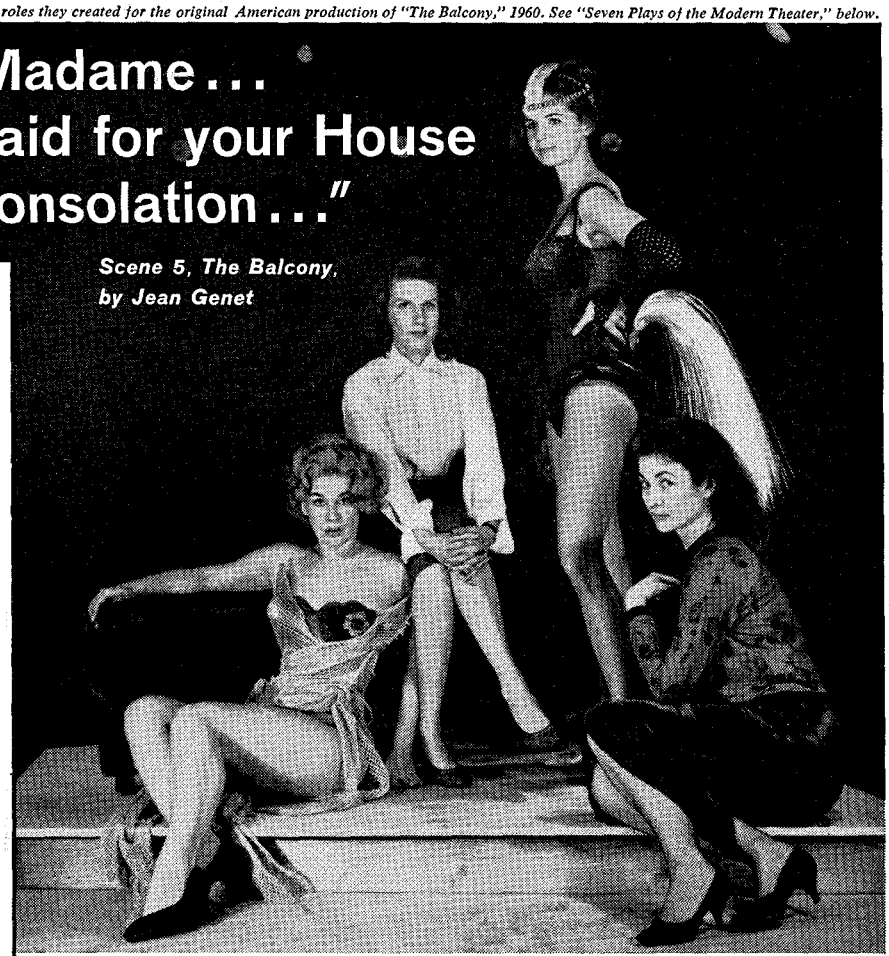
Sylvia Miles, Nancy Marchand, Salome Jens, Betty Miller (l. to r.) in the roles they created for the original American production of "The Balcony," 1960. See "Seven Plays of the Modern Theater," below.

"You're so kind, Madame... The thing to be said for your House is that it brings consolation..."



Scene 5, The Balcony, by Jean Genet

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(Circle in the Square—Lucille Lortel production; photo by Martha Swope)

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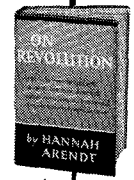

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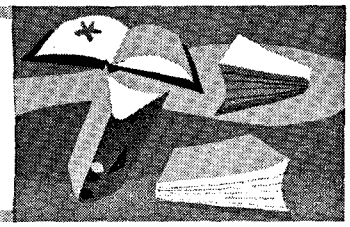

Not long ago, while bemoaning in these columns the lack of imagination in bookshops, we recalled a shop we had once known in Baltimore called the Peabody Bookshop, where Viennese music, mulled wine, and an open fire made browsing a sheer pleasure. Not long afterward, we heard from Dr. Edward Grossman, who told us that mention of the shop had brought back nostalgic memories.

"Some thirty years ago," he wrote, "during my student days in Baltimore, Siegfried Weisberger, who ran the shop together with his sisters, took joy in acting *in loco parentis* to students addicted to the vices of extracurricular readings, browsing among and infrequently buying books. Siegfried promised his friends that when Prohibition was repealed he would open a room in back of the store where they could sip wine, quaff beer, and talk about books. On the evening of the end of the Great Drought, I was among a group of guests ranging in academic rank and distinction from Dr. Henry Sigerist, professor of the history of medicine of Johns Hopkins, down to me."

But where is the Peabody Bookshop today? We heard directly from Siegfried Weisberger himself, wintering in Key Largo, Florida.

The bookshop began in 1923, with Mencken as its patron saint. When Prohibition ended, Weisberger paneled the walls of a garage in the back of the basement shop, designed the ceiling in lofty Gothic style, installed a rough brick floor and wrought iron chandeliers, and got a license for dispensing wine and beer. "*The Canterbury Tales* are saucier with the flowing of Guinness Stout in front of an open fireplace," the former proprietor writes. "Bootleggers, cheap gin, and spiked beer were matters of the past, and we thought it right and proper to introduce more intelligent drinking habits. The smell of old books is pungent, and so are burning leaves on a brisk November morning, a touch for the senses that speculate, to wonder over the scent of the lilac that is ready for a kiss morning, noon, and night."

The store prospered. During the football season, the store was flooded with midshipmen from Annapolis, Johns Hopkins students, and visiting colleges and teams. Then it happened.

A glass of beer was sold to a Yale newspaper editor who had not yet reached his twenty-first birthday, and the license for wine and beer was lifted; Weisberger lost heart.

"We were licked and kicked in all directions," he writes. "And we sympathized with the Charwoman's Epitaph: "Don't mourn for me, friends, don't weep for me—never. For I am going to do nothing, for ever and ever. With psalms and good music, the heavens will be ringing, but I—shall have nothing to do with the singing."

News from around the country seems to indicate, however, that all is not lost in the way of colorful bookshops. Mary Paxton Keeley reports that Columbia, Missouri, now has a Peabody Bookshop, started by two young people from Boston. "They have a lot of ideas," Miss Keeley writes, "and will have a place worthy of that name. It's high time we had such a spot."

And from Reno, Nevada, Kenneth Dodge informs us that Geno's Studio offers paperback books from the esoteric to the practical, with background music of modern jazz and classical and folk music piped into a coffeehouse room, where espresso and tea are available free of charge to the patrons. What's more, the work of local artists is displayed prominently, and on Fridays and Saturdays local folk musicians and jazz combos are encouraged to come and play.

From Menlo Park, California, Donald Roemer tells us that Kepler's Book Store offers a similar fare: food, espresso, FM music broadcasts, tables and chairs, and live folk and jazz music.

"There was also a shop in Sausalito that offered espresso with their New Directions. It seems that only espresso is considered a suitable beverage for cerebral repasts—God forbid anyone should want their Henry Miller served with plain old coffee," he concludes.

And in Colorado Springs, Dick and Judy Noyes add verve and color to their Chinook Bookshop by writing a chatty newsletter four or five times a year that makes a trip to their shop irresistible. Two of the staff are Vassar graduates, and the newsletter indicates one reaction to Mary McCarthy's No. 1 best-seller: "To me, these girls seem naïve, wide-eyed, and wild-eyed, incredibly excited over finding out about contraceptives, communism, and canned green beans. However, those were the Thirties, and by the time my class graduated, there was no more mystery. The rumbling you may hear about *The Group* is Matthew Vassar turning over in his grave."

In New York City, Victor Margolis advises us that a bookstore called the Cross Currents, on Amsterdam Avenue, has much the same atmosphere as the old Peabody Bookshop. There's a professional classical guitarist on the premises, along with coffee and books.

In Berkeley, California, Hermine Van Gelder sings the praises of the Conservation Resource Center of the National Audubon Society. In the browsing room, you may find someone listening to a record called "Dawn in a Duck Blind" or Tom Glazer singing about seeds and bees. At the same time, you may find someone trying to identify a wounded bird, or you may find a hiker looking for a Sierra trail guide.

Shops of all types often have distinct personality traits, and it is these that might perhaps save the country from turning into a neon jungle.

Harry V. Wade informs us that he was pleased to see a sign in a Bourbon Street store in New Orleans reading: RELIGIOUS ARTICLES AND PRALINES.

Mary Ellen Quinn tells us that near her home in Sloatsburg, New York, she was surprised to see an antique shop of sorts bearing the sign: JUNQUE.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

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EURIPIDES OF ATHENS:
ORESTES
(Trans. of R. Potter; suggested by Fannie H. Glidden)

Nature hath given no outward mark to note
The generous mind: The qualities of men
To sense are indistinct. . . . .
Will you not then learn wisdom, you whose minds
Error with false presentments leads astray?
Will you not learn by manners and by deeds
To judge the noble?

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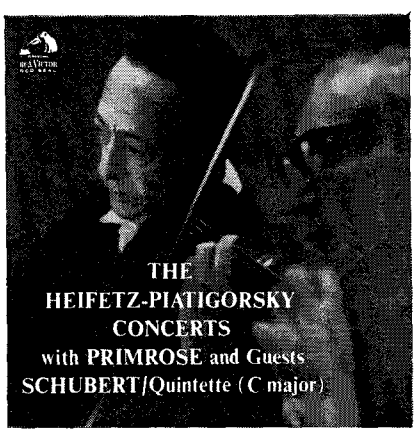
Newsweek wrote of these historic concerts, "...chamber music at its shimmering best." These two Red Seal recordings belong in your collection.



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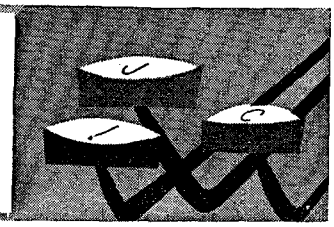
Manner of Speaking



Happy Whichever New Year: The New Year has come and gone, but, as all civil men know, time is a long thing—one to be affronted by idolatrous worship of datelines. Reporters write by the day, the hour, the minute, dancing to the Dionysian rhythms of the demigod "Flash" toward the ultimate vision of "Scoop." I prefer the memory of Robert Frost holding up his collected poems and saying, "There are three hundred pages here and they took me sixty years to write. I don't work by the day; I work by the year."

In my imperfections, I cannot be as Apollonian as the master, but let me fail in his dream, inviting all civil men to concur in *that* failure rather than in the more frantic dream of the daily reporter. We shall all fail, but let our failures be of longer dreams rather than shorter.

So, whenever it was in the long scale, the New Year has come and gone. In the lemminglike compulsions of mankind, the annual dark horde of the psyche came out of the clock and calendar to mill around the Times Squares of this world. In their own mechanical and frenzied compulsion the TV boys put the camera on the whirlpool (infallibly pausing to focus on young mystics-of-the-apes who had climbed lampposts for a better view of whatever mystery worked out its cramps below), while the oracle we know as the Voice of the Announcer, pacing itself to mount bit by bit to the crescendo of its rite, counted for us the minutes we could all count well enough for ourselves, finally hailed in near-ecstasy the dropping of the great globe atop the Times Building, shrieked his wishes for a Happy New Year, and then paused while the band played "Auld Lang Syne" in order that you and I at our various punchbowls might kiss our neighbors' wives and be generally of good cheer.

Or so it has been, and so it will be. The fact is I am writing this before the New Year in order that it may be published after it. Part of the long dream is to win one's emancipation from time. Such an emancipation is, of course, impossible in fact, but since nothing is impossible to the dreamer, that is the dream there must be. Time itself is a dream, and what law demands that I take it in any given sequence?

Perhaps by the time the factual presses have printed backwards what my dream sequence is writing forward, the New Year's ritual will have foundered in a blizzard. Perhaps Times Square will have been an Arctic whose would-be lemmings were left to crouch in their burrows, their compulsion to form into a horde overcome by the greater compulsion of the blast. Perhaps the TV cameras will have to turn in upon themselves, improvising a past to fill the ice-cramped and barren present. Perhaps even the ball atop the Times tower will have frozen to the mast, unable to descend, whereby the world will have had to plunge unsignaled and with maimed rites into 1964.

No matter. The one hope of any New Year is that there will be another, and another, and another beyond it forever.

And the one hope of all our years together is that we shall eventually achieve a civilization.

So far, as I read the long dream, we have achieved only a technology, within which the savage has not disappeared but only been converted into the push-button Neanderthal.

The one measure of our years is not that ball dropping on the roof of the times (sic), but the dream rising into space from the best men among us. Or should one say that the dream rises not into space but into the dream itself? Perhaps that question is too long for answers, but all the questions civil man truly live by are too long for answers.

With no scorn of any least individual lemming in that annual horde that piles into Times Square (though always in some dread of the compulsions within any mob), I must register as a certainty my sense that there is not length enough to live to in the crowd. The distance from it to the top of the human scale is too great.

And exactly there, of course—in the milling of the horde—is the dark of every wish for time. The civilized are too few and their distance from the rest of society too great. Nor does it change things to recognize that the best of men are only partially civilized. Say they are no more than the keepers of a point of light, crouchers by campfires in the jungle. Still, the distance from their campfires to the eyes that burn in the dark is too great.

What shall we tell the long dream at time's turn but that the metropolises we raise in light are jungles at the root, and that they are prowled by bestial shadows? Nor can the countryman escape behind his façade of simple virtues. For though it is our metropolises that are the jungle, where is the suburb of the hamlet without its own thicket of the same dark?

We are a failure yet as a civilization. As, in fact, all societies have been in time. It is only the first hordes that emerge from the forests. All others come out of the lobbies, cellar holes, offices, penthouses, and tenements of cities.

Perhaps to recognize what that horde is, is to begin a hope of a sort—defined by the fact that it has heard none of the long news from time—or not enough, or that it has ignored or mangled what it has heard. Sadly, it is the first of these propositions that is most nearly true. That long news is there to be heard. From genesis to the dream's end, it is the news of man remembering himself as a possibility entrapped in failure but yearning toward the long light.

That he fails is certain. That we shall all fail is certain. But the one failure that appals is the failure of the short dream, the busy dream that neither hears nor sees and that has no memory to it. It is within the blindness of the short dream that mankind has never come close to equaling its own best. Perhaps we never can. But we have not even admired it. Not enough. For to admire it is, in fact, to begin the long dream. And though it fails, too, the promise of the long dream is that it begets another, and it another—even, perhaps, to the beginning of good hope.

Let that be the wish for whatever New Year it was, or will have been, or for any to come. Long dreams to you, America. Long dreams to you, world. And long years in which to dream them.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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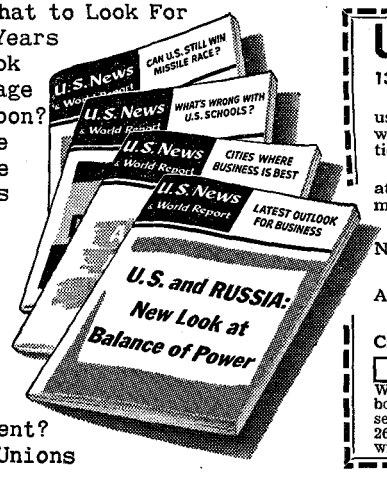
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HANS HOFMANN. By Hans Hofmann and Sam Hunter. Abrams. $25.

SCULPTURE OF KAREL APPEL. By Michele Straniero. Abrams. $15.

Crime, Suspense

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Current Affairs

ANTI-KOMMUNISM IN LATIN AMERICA. By Dr. Juan José Arevalo. Lyle Stuart. $4.95.

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LABOR TODAY: The Triumphs and Failures of Unionism in the United States. By B. J. Widick. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.

THE PASSION OF THE HAWKS: Militarism in Modern America. By Tristram Coffin. Macmillan. $5.95.

SOVIET STRATEGY FOR ECONOMIC GROWTH. By Nicolas Spulber. Indiana Univ. Press. $4.50.

STATE AND LAW: Soviet and Yugoslav Theory. By Ivo Lapenna. Yale Univ. Press. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $1.65.

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Drama, Film

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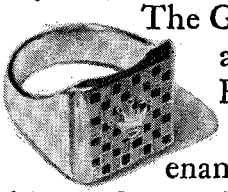

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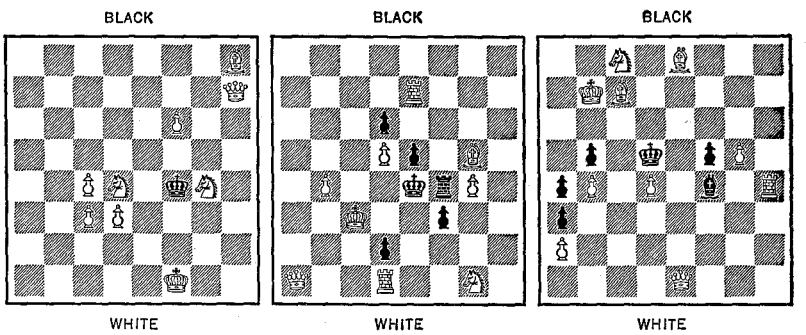

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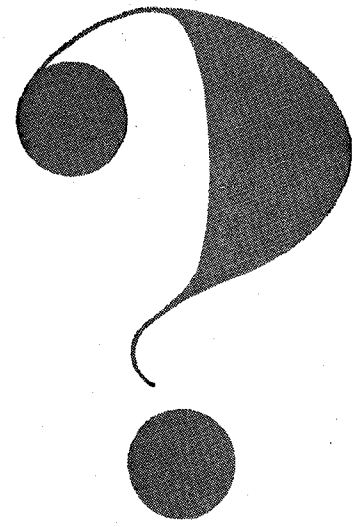
Saturday Review
January 25, 1964

HOW MUCH SHOULD A BIOGRAPHER TELL



By STEPHEN SPENDER

LYTTON STRACHEY'S biographies are today out of fashion, but they have nevertheless revolutionized the art of biography. Their influence is not in making all biographers debunkers, after the manner of Strachey exposing what he supposed to be the hypocrisy of men like General Gordon and Cardinal Newman, but in imposing on the biographer what has come to be regarded almost as the duty of telling the whole truth. One has to think back to pre-Strachey biographies of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century to realize how far our idea of the role of the biographer has changed and even been reversed.

The duty of the nineteenth-century biographer was to conceal, just as much to reveal, things about his subject. Biographers such as John Morley, when he wrote the life of Gladstone, and Forster, when he wrote that of Dickens, considered it their duty to suppress what was private to the subject in ways that might be considered irrelevant to his public achievement, painful to his family, discreditable to a "life" that was held up to the public as an example, a model, supposedly consistent with the hero's greatness. Private behavior had to be interpreted into public achievement, not—as is often now the case—public achievement reconciled with irregular private behavior.

The biographer regarded himself as a kind of filter. Having been entrusted by members of the family with letters, diaries, private papers, and other such material, he would then separate what was private from what was of public interest and produce, in the interests of his hero, his hero's family, and his readers alike, an edited and censored version of the whole sum of public and private events that goes to make a life. Sometimes, of course, awkward facts were already in the public's possession, in which case the biographer had to explain them away, defending the hero from the charge that he went in for sharp practice or had syphilis.

There were, of course, exceptions to all this. Some subjects were not heroes but villains, and the private lives of others were merged so completely into their public actions that they could not be viewed apart. James Boswell gives us Samuel Johnson "warts and all." But warts are not the same as intestines, and he concealed certain things about Johnson—such as his fits of madness and his liking for flagellation—that a modern Boswell would have included. John Malcolm Brinnin, author of *Dylan Thomas in America*, might be described as Dylan Thomas's Boswell, but he emphasized a great many things about Thomas—such as his unscrupulousness about money and his alcoholism—that pre-Strachey biographers would have suppressed or skirted around or minimized. Johnson himself, in his *Lives of the Poets*, treats their lives as the background of their works. For the most part, we have to be content with the bare facts of birth, education, means of earning a living—the kind of things that might be entered in the Parish Register. More intimate details are introduced only if they are related to the work or if they add a highlight of whimsical humanity to the stylized portrait. Thus, of Granville we are told: "About this time he became enamoured of the Countess Newburgh, whom he has celebrated with so much ardour by the name of Mira. He wrote verses to her before he was three-and-twenty, and may be forgiven if he regarded the face more than the mind. Poets are sometimes in too much haste to praise."

There is in the *Lives of the Poets* one notorious exception, an essay in which the biographer is far more interested in the man than in the poetry. This is the *Life of Savage*, one of the greatest short prose narratives in the English language. Here Johnson tells us about his hero's illegitimacy, misfortunes, and debauchery. However, in doing so he is writing about what was already matter for a public lawsuit and a much-discussed case; and he is praising and defending a friend whom he considers to have had legitimate claims to be the son of the Countess of Macclesfield (it seems that Johnson was wrong about this) and to have been harshly treated. Johnson was also, of course, here indulging his taste for vicariously living his friends' low lives: he liked Savage for the same reasons as he did the drinking and whoring Boswell.

Johnson's sense of propriety told him the fact of a man having a public profession or vocation does not justify the biographer in publicizing his private life, which may be left in the same decent obscurity as the lives of ordinary people who have no public fame. It is only (as in the case of Richard Savage) when the private life has already become public property that it is a discussable topic. Most biographers, until Strachey, had conformed to the view that it should not be a hazard of public

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service or a great vocation, that after death all one's private affairs should be made public. This had been felt even against the wishes of the man himself: Thomas Moore burned Byron's autobiography.

There are a good many reasons why today we take a different view. One reason is that we live in a perpetual social revolution, and revolutions show scant respect for the reputations of predecessors. There is a class aspect of the habit of covering over the irregularities of men whose works and achievements have been absorbed into institutions of government or the masterpieces of a culture. On the one hand, it was felt that Byron should not be allowed to "let the side down" just because, besides being a poet of genius, he was a cad; on the other, that it was not necessary to make public his worst misdemeanors—because a closed society already knew about them. In his essay on Shelley, Matthew Arnold deplores the quantity of scandalous information about the poet which his biographer makes available, although Dowden is —like Johnson in his essay on Savage— defending a poet some of whose misdemeanors were already argued over in the law courts. Arnold writes of the information about Shelley's marriages and Harriet's suicide that Dowden provides: "I regret, I say once more, that it has been given. It is a sore trial for our love of Shelley. What a set! What a world! . . . I used the French word *bête* for a letter of Shelley's; for the world in which we find him I can only use another French word, *sâle*. . . ." Later Arnold writes: "After reading his book, one feels sickened for ever of the subject of irregular relations; God forbid that I should go into the scandals about Shelley's 'Neapolitan charge,' about Shelley and Emilia Viviani, about Shelley and Miss Clairmount, and the rest of it!" Arnold implies that most of the material that has now been elaborated was known already "in the vaguest way," and by hearsay. Obviously, Arnold would have been happy to have left Shelley's bad reputation a secret—vaguely, but not with injustice, already familiar to English gentlemen, and not to be given currency among those who had not been educated at English public schools and at Oxford or Cambridge.

But the root reason why we cannot today share Arnold's confidence that knowledge of the circumstances of the set of upper-class ragamuffins in which Shelley and Byron moved is irrelevant gossip is that we are far less confident than he was that the circumstances of the poet are unrelated to the poetry. And even if we do in fact feel disillusionment and disgust about a Shelley or a Thomas, we think that we should not feel that to know everything about a poet is to have our love for him "sorely tried." We might even love him the more for it. We stand, in fact, at the opposite extreme from the position of Arnold. We are inclined to think that everything, however private, is relevant to the work, the man, and the vocation. We are moving toward a state of affairs in which the work of a writer and his biography will merge, as it were, into a single consciousness. When we know all about the work and all about the life, both work and life will contribute meanings to a sum. And if we knew everything about a Keats, a D. H. Lawrence, or a James Joyce, we feel sure that we would understand more about his writing.

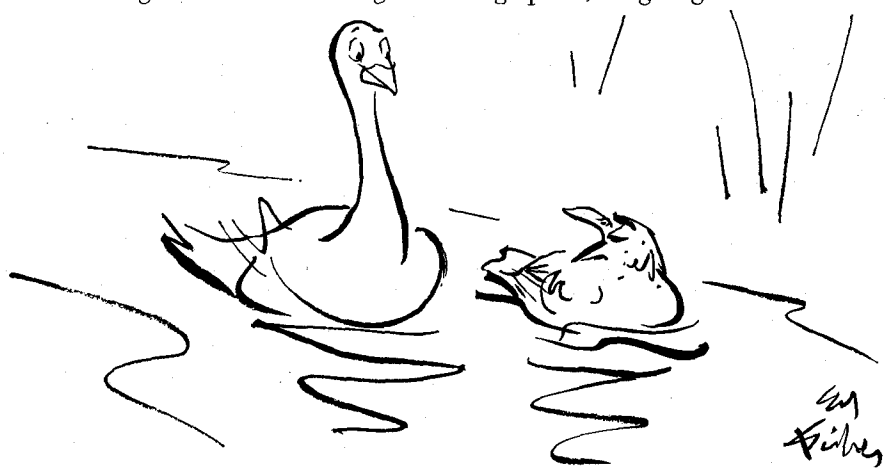
Whether we are right in thinking this way, I do not know. But in our age it is scarcely possible for us to think otherwise. We cannot draw that boundary between the relevant public material and the irrelevant private that seemed so obvious to people before the era of psychoanalysis. To us, everything about an artist is relevant to his vocation. So we are haunted by the ideal of knowing not only the work of a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Keats, or a D. H. Lawrence, but also the whole man.

Hence to discover, to analyze, to state everything has become the biographer's crusade, as though he were writing his subject's autobiography—the confessions of the "I"—as well as his biography—the acts of the "he."

IT is even commonly held that the subject of the biography is on the side of the biographer who tries to reveal everything about him. People think that relations and friends who try to protect the hero from having all his weaknesses and indiscretions revealed are tiresome busybodies, self-appointed censors and policemen. The prevalence of this attitude was amusingly revealed some months ago when Auden wrote an article in an English review discussing the recently published complete letters of Beethoven. Auden argued that several of the letters should never have been printed, since they contributed nothing to our understanding of Beethoven, except to show that the deaf composer could be extremely disagreeable, boorish, and cantankerous. Several readers wrote furious letters asserting that Auden was setting himself up as a censor. Such an attitude shows considerable confusion, I think, for a censor is generally, and rightly, taken to mean an authority who prevents someone from publishing what he wishes to publish. He is not a critic who deplores words finding their way into print which were intended for one person, and perhaps even for the wastepaper basket. In the case of Beethoven, who had no pretensions to being a writer and whose letters were—with one great exception—intended for their recipients only, it seems odd to describe Auden, who shares what would undoubtedly have been Beethoven's own view in the matter of their publication, as a censor.

An argument against publishing material that is damaging to the reputation of the famous is that for many readers the revelation of the imperfect life of a Beethoven or a Shelley detracts from the reader's appreciation of those very achievements in which these men of genius freed themselves from personal weaknesses. Imperfect lives throw doubt on perfect art. Perhaps this would not be so in a world where everyone was a psychologist who knew that *tout comprendre est tout pardonner*. We all should—and perhaps one day we all will—understand from reading the biographies of the great that personal irregularities may be resolved within the order of art, and that without them, for some artists there would be no compulsion to create order.

Ideally, we should understand that the art justifies the life, so the life cannot detract from the art. And lastly, we should gratefully admit that modern biographers, in giving us all the facts



"I, on the other hand, have a beautiful mind."

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about the lives of men of genius are treating us as adults, and not—as biographers in the past have done—as children who have to be told lies about their heroes.

Nevertheless, many quite intelligent people are not adult or psychologically sophisticated enough to understand all. They become disillusioned about the art if they know too much about the weaknesses and defects of the artist. The contradiction between the artist's life and his work sticks in their minds as an irresolvable problem they read into the work.

It is well known that when Mozart was a young man he wrote scatalogical letters to a girl who was his cousin. To the reader of this article and to me myself, this does not present any great difficulty. It may even seem absurd to enlightened people like ourselves than an intelligent person should consider that Mozart had to be as pure in his mind as he is in his music. All the same, I have read articles and reviews by serious critics who ask: How could the divine genius who composed the G minor Quintet have a dirty mind? Quite recently, a distinguished novelist and critic, Pamela Hansford Johnson, declared in a letter to a weekly that after reading the letters of James Joyce to his wife that are the property of an American university she could not have any regard for Joyce's novels.

But it is beside the point to deplore the tendency of biographers to reveal more and more about the private lives of their subjects. The very accumulation of biographical material which is concomitant with modern research makes this inevitable. It is unthinkable that a great modern poet could be known for nothing except his poetry, as Homer and Shakespeare are.

All the same, it is worthwhile thinking about the consequences of writers' occupational hazard—that their private affairs should become as much public property as their published works—on the writers themselves, as well as on readers. The example I have given here—of people assuming that an artist is being censored if his private letters and laundry bills are not made public—shows how much the matter is seen from the point of view of the reader of biography. Little thought is given to the ways in which the artist is affected by this situation.

THE novelty of the present situation is that interest in the artist's biography no longer arises only after he has died. It has caught up with him while he is alive. It is not even curiosity about what he did yesterday, years ago, or in his youth. It is about what he does today and will do tomorrow. And for this kind of curiosity to be regarded as legitimate he does not have to be an exhibitionist on the scale of a Byron or a Picasso.

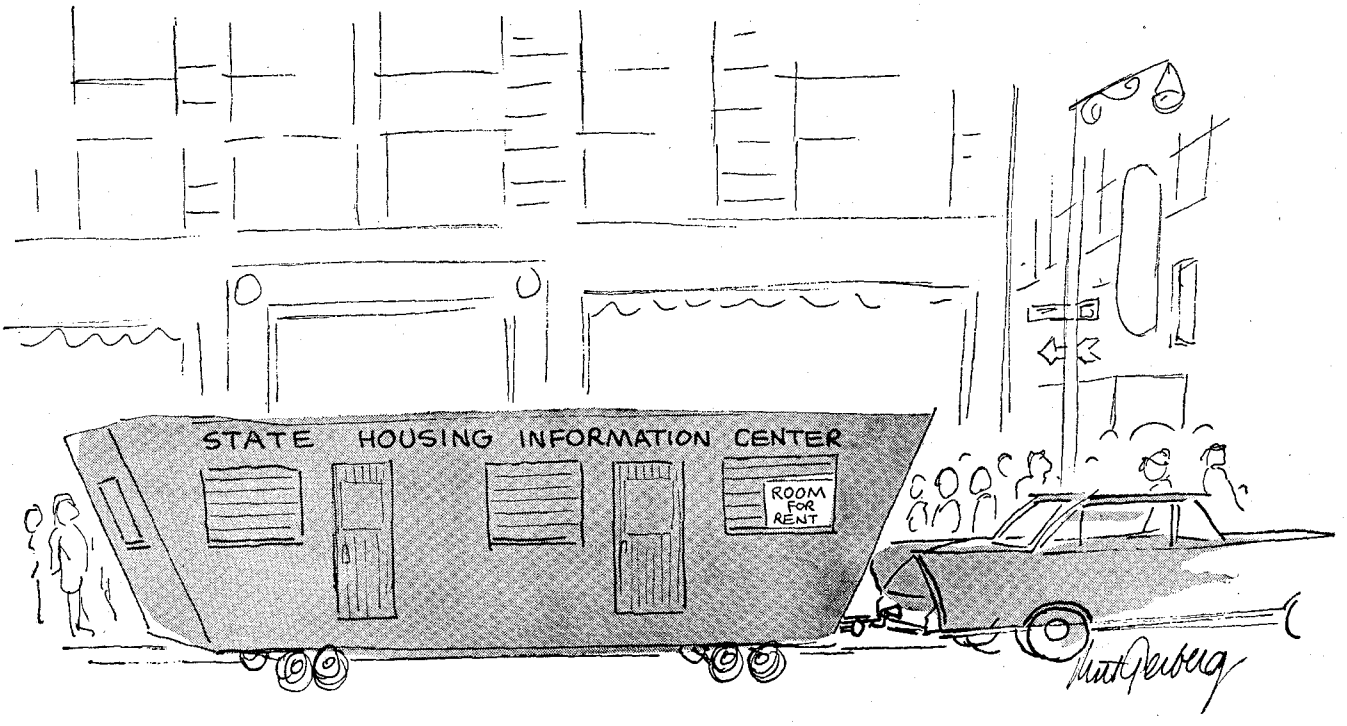
For instance, today a writer whose work has a faint chance of being of the slightest interest to posterity is subject to anything he writes being snatched from the wastebasket and finding its way into the archives of some university. What this means is that research that used to be concerned with the past (if even in some cases the very recent past) has now caught up with the moment—has become, as it were, instantaneous.

The surprising thing is that the famous, or even the near-famous, do not go around with research workers attached to them, disguised perhaps as drinking companions or secretaries. If this has not happened already, it will certainly happen tomorrow. One can well imagine the discussion that might take place at a meeting of the Trustees of X Foundation at which such a project were being adopted:

DIRECTOR-GENERAL: We are all agreed, then, to give Miss Vera Higgins a further extension of her grant so she may continue for another seven years researching into the life of the eighteenth-century poet William Draper, are we not?

PROFESSOR ARTHUR J. HENSON (acidly): Agreed, yes, though perhaps we should write in the minutes that the poet's name is Diaper, William Diaper, 1685 to 1717.

D.-J.: Diaper, you're quite right. It's a name I seem to have a block about. Somehow I can't quite connect it with poetry. The fact that we're supporting research into William Diaper (1685-1717), does rather underline the fact that we're scraping the bottom of the barrel with regard to research into the past. This brings me to the very interesting project of Dr. Tommy Liberwitz of Missoula that we now have to consider. Dr. Liberwitz writes pointing out that it's high time research caught up with the living, with the present hour. Why always research into obscure dead writers, when there are obscure living ones all around us? Dr. Liberwitz mentions in his application that he appreciates the risk endemic to the living, that posterity may not share the degree of interest that we attach to them. But



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he also points out that it is safe to assume that no living poet could be of less interest to the future than some of those past poets we already research into. He makes the additional point that in a sense no writer can be obscure enough to be an object for research. What could be more exciting than to discover a great body of information, written by a scholar living at that time, about a poet living 200 years ago, whom no one had ever heard of! It would be the equivalent of discovering, at one blow, an eighteenth-century lesser Dylan Thomas inseparable from an eighteenth-century lesser John Malcolm Brinnin. Gentlemen, I think you will agree that we should support Dr. Liberwitz in his project. Now Dr. Liberwitz points out that there is living in the island of Majorca a British poet, in fact a very famous one, by the name of Mr. Random Greaves.

PROFESSOR HENSON: Graves, Robert Graves.

D.-J.: Ah yes, Graves. Somehow I have a block about associating the idea of graves with poetry . . . etc.

Who can doubt that Dr. Liberwitz and his six children are at this moment bound for Majorca, where Dr. Liberwitz will offer his services as Mr. Graves's secretary and Mrs. Liberwitz will assist Mrs. Graves with the housekeeping?

It is not certain, however, that Mr. Graves would welcome such a visitation. Already one sees signs among writers of their taking measures to evade or even to mislead the sleuths. T. S. Eliot, I have heard, very characteristically directs all his paid bills, invitation cards, odd scraps of notes, to a single source, where they are assiduously collected and annotated. Ever since he wrote those notes to *The Waste Land* he has been a strong believer in putting off the watchdog by throwing him a big hunk of meat.

ANOTHER poet has left instructions in his will calling on his friends to destroy his letters to them.

It seems very unlikely that these precautions will have much effect; indeed, they are more likely to provoke research than to put it off.

My own view is that I do not think that the dead have very much claim to be protected from research workers. I respect the feelings of relatives who try to protect their forebears' reputations (like those descendants of W. E. Gladstone who took an action against someone who in his memoirs said that Gladstone picked up London prostitutes), but I think that on the whole such protection is misguided. It may even not be entirely disinterested, since in defending an ancestor one is also asserting the respectability of one's own genes. Nor do I think that the living should be greatly concerned with what is written about them after they are dead. There is a certain point in mortality when, if one is of any interest at all, everything about one legitimately does become public property. (I exclude opening Shakespeare's grave.)

"Testing—one billion . . . two billion . . . three billion. . . ."

But it is, I think, important that the living should have their privacy protected. There are several reasons. One is that the capital out of which the creative draw on for their work is private experience, personal living. The right hand that paints or writes is largely dependent on the left hand that knows and cares nothing for the public and should not be known by it.

Statesmen and politicians are expected to preserve in their private affairs standards and ways of behaving that are consistent with their public attitudes. That is why those who do not manage to evade this demand are such two-dimensional figures, the billboard into which an amplifier is fitted. It is very important that no such demands be made on novelists, poets, artists.

THE penalty of making private affairs public is that the private then becomes answerable to public standards. That there is a tendency today for this to happen even among artists is shown, I think, by some of the current dichotomies—beats and squares, for example. The beat is a person who, in answer to the demand that he should conform to public standards, publicizes outrageously private ones—strips in front of an audience, for example. The square is a person who sacrifices his own private life and makes himself conform to public standards in his private behavior and eventually, alas, in his work.

Shakespeare circulated among a small number of friends the sonnets that have been a scandal ever since he wrote them, and they were not published till after his death. If he had been living in the twentieth century, they would have been sold privately by these friends to American libraries. Research workers would long ago have discovered who the friend and the Dark Lady were and what Shakespeare did with each. All this would be, of course, immensely interesting. Dr. A. L. Rowse would not have to claim that he was the only person who could provide all the answers to what, despite his claims, remain mysteries.

The only trouble is that Shakespeare would not have written the sonnets. And if the research workers continue their good work, it may happen that before long, anyone who is not a blatant exhibitionist and who has any reputation at stake will not dare write a private letter. Too late, we may find that confidence—which is all—has been destroyed, and that the well-meaning, up-to-the-moment research worker has killed the goose that lays the golden egg.

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A GHOST STORY OF THE JAZZ AGE

Reminiscences of Twenty-Four Hours with F. Scott Fitzgerald

By MALCOLM COWLEY

EARLY in May 1933, I set out on a leisurely drive from New York to a farm in Tennessee. The first night was to be spent with relatives near Philadelphia, and the second with Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald near Baltimore.

I found the Fitzgeralds and their young daughter established on a park-like estate, La Paix, belonging to Bayard Turnbull, who lived with his wife and children in the more comfortable of two houses. There were acres of lawn shaded by tall red oak trees just coming into leaf, with a white shimmer of dogwoods in the background. The second house, which the Fitzgeralds rented, wasn't a small one; it was a high-peaked, wooden structure built in the dark-brown, hunting-lodge style of the 1890s, looking dingy but still pretentious.

Scott, having saved a little money from his *Saturday Evening Post* stories, was at last making progress on the big novel on which he had been working intermittently for eight years. The book was still untitled—sometimes he called it *The Drunkard's Holiday*—but most of it was written and he knew how the story would end. Zelda was home from the sanitarium recovering or—Scott feared at times—relapsing after a second mental breakdown and also after two aborted careers: as a ballet dancer and as a writer. She was working hard on a collection of drawings for an exhibition that she had been promised by a New York gallery.

On the afternoon of my arrival, the brown lodge seemed a cheerful place, where the Fitzgeralds had decided to camp for a week or two before moving into permanent quarters. There was not much furniture downstairs and all of it was shabby; there were no carpets, and the only pictures on the walls were two or three framed reproductions out of *The Dial Portfolio*, which, ten years before, had introduced modern art to the American middle classes. Still, the house was full of comfortable noises: four or five Negroes laughing in the kitchen, Zelda talking to her nurse or rustling about her studio as she painted furiously, and little Scottie, home from school, playing with the Turnbull children on the big front porch. She was a pretty and mischievous girl of eleven who looked younger than her age, but who sometimes talked like a grown-up European refugee. Big Scott, now in his late thirties and still handsome, had a gray skin, a drinker's paunch, and his sandy hair was getting thin on top. He asked questions engagingly as he strode up and down the living room.

Zelda didn't come down for dinner, which was served in style, but afterward Scott took me upstairs to meet her and look at her drawings. They were mostly of ballet dancers and were better than I had expected; they had freshness, imagination, rhythm, and a rather grotesque vigor, but they were flawed, exactly as her writing had been, by the lack of proportion and craftsmanship. Zelda herself dismayed me. "She curled up and went to sleep like a beautiful silky kitten," Van Wyck Brooks had said of her after a dinner party ten years before, but now there was hardly a trace of beauty or silkiness. Her face was emaciated and twitched as she talked. Her mouth, with deep lines above it, fell into unhappy shapes. Her skin in the lamplight looked brown and weatherbeaten, except that in the left cheek there were four parallel red streaks where she had raked it with her fingernails, so that she made me think of a starved Indian in war paint.

After we said goodnight to her, Scott installed me in a worn green armchair, the only one in the living room. On the table beside me he put a pint of whiskey from his bootlegger. It was all mine, he said, since he wasn't drinking. He went out to the kitchen for a glass of water. By that time the cook had gone home with all her relatives and little Scottie had gone to bed. I noticed suddenly how every sound was magnified by the absence of carpets and furniture. The armchair creaked like a ship in the night, the bottle thumped on the table, the kitchen faucet squeaked, the door slammed like the iron door of a dungeon, and Scott's footsteps when he returned had the hollow ring of chains that a ghost was dragging over the bare floor.

HE stood in front of me holding his glass. "That girl had everything," he said. "She was the belle of Montgomery, the daughter of the chief justice of the Alabama Supreme Court. We met at the Governor's ball. Everybody in Alabama and Georgia knew about her, everybody that counted. She had beauty, talent, family, she could do anything she wanted to, and she's thrown it all away."

"That sounds like something from one of your own stories," I said.

"Sometimes I don't know whether Zelda isn't a character that I created myself. And you know, she's cuckoo, she's crazy as a loon. I'm madly in love with her. Excuse me for a moment, I'm thirsty tonight."

Scott disappeared again; I heard the door slam and the faucet squeak. When he came back he started talking about himself and his family background. "I have a streak of pure vulgarity that I like to cultivate. One side of me is peasant and one aristocratic. My mother was a rich peasant, Milly McQuillan. She kept telling me, 'All this family is a lot of bull. You have to know where the money is coming from.' She was as realistic as Karl Marx. I've been reading him; Bunny Wilson made me do it. My father belonged to the same Baltimore family as Francis Scott Key. What if they tore down the monument to the

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author of 'The Star Spangled Banner' and instead built one for me because I died for communism—a monument to the author of *The Great Gatsby*?" He looked down at me in the armchair and said almost shyly, "What did you think of *Gatsby*?"

I hadn't read *Gatsby* at the time, although I had admired Fitzgerald's stories in the *Saturday Evening Post*, which most of my literary friends regarded as beneath their notice. He didn't want to talk about the stories, except to boast of how much he was paid for them—four thousand dollars each, at his best rate. "I'm a professional," he said. "I know when to write and when to stop writing. But wait till you read my new novel."

He took me to his study behind the dining room, first stopping in the kitchen for another glass of water, and showed me a pile of manuscript nearly a foot high. "I've written four hundred thousand words of that novel," he said —of course it was *Tender Is the Night*— "and thrown away three quarters of them. Now I have a hundred thousand words in finished shape and only fifteen thousand more to write. It's good, good, good." There was a misty look in his eyes. "When it's published people will say that it's good, good, good."

WE went back to the living room. Some time later his mood changed, I suspect because he had been brooding over my confession that I hadn't read *The Great Gatsby*. "I tell you Max Perkins of Scribner's is a real man," he said truculently. "You don't know he's a real man. If you don't know that, you don't know anything." Sitting on a stool he leaned forward, bringing his face close to mine, so that I felt like a criminal being examined by the district attorney. "What do you know anyway?" he asked, as if for the benefit of a jury. "What do you know about people? What do you know about writing? Did you ever write a book half as good as *The Great Gatsby*? I tell you that's a book you can't touch." He paused, and a moment later his face broke into a bad-boyish smile. "You know this water I've been drinking?" he said, raising the glass. "It's only half water. The other half is grain alcohol."

I wanted to say "Surprise!" but instead I managed something between a grin and a yawn. It was nearly three o'clock. Scott said, "You must be tired," recovered his natural courtesy, and then escorted me to my room.

I don't know when he went to bed that night, if at all, but by the time I came down for breakfast his secretary had arrived and he was working in his study. Zelda, looking vastly younger by daylight, took me for my first horseback ride in twenty years and tried to teach me how to post; then we let the horses walk side by side and chatted amiably. Scott's work was finished at twelve and, leaving Zelda at home, the two of us drove into Baltimore to visit John Dos Passos, who was in the Johns Hopkins Hospital recovering from a bout of rheumatic fever. During the visit I noticed another side of Scott's character, his considerateness of friends who suffered from any sort of misfortune. We must have returned to La Paix, because I remember driving off in the late afternoon when Scottie was home from school, with all the Fitzgeralds standing on the porch to wave good-by.

—*Brown Brothers.*

Scott, Zelda and "Scotty" Fitzgerald—"frozen in the moment when they met at the Governor's ball."

I drove fast to New Market, in the Valley of Virginia, where I spent the night in a tourist home. Sitting there alone, I forgot the pleasant morning, but remembered the brown hunting lodge at night, when everything rustled and squeaked and clanked in the echoing rooms. It seemed to me the setting for a ghost story of the Jazz Age, with Scott and Zelda as the ghosts: the golden boy from Princeton and the belle of two states, both frozen in the moment when they met at the Governor's ball. I made a long entry in my notebook, as I sometimes did in those days. Thirty years later I regretted all the entries that hadn't been made.

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The Danger Beyond Smoking

An Announcement

Effective with this issue, *Saturday Review* will withhold acceptance of cigarette advertising pending formulation of government policy with respect to labeling and other appropriate measures consistent with the public interest.

NOW that the U. S. Government has confirmed and underscored the long series of major research projects that have established smoking as a major health hazard, an even more important and related question calls for study. This has to do with the attitudes of people toward the report and the light they throw on human values and a view of life.

The research undertaking we have in mind would begin with those heavy smokers who do not question the factual content or the conclusions of the report but who are indifferent to the meaning of the report to them personally.

A doctor friend of ours who is a heavy smoker may be typical of this group.

"I didn't need the government's report to convince me that smoking can cause cancer or bronchitis or various forms of heart disease," he said. "I see the evidence almost every day in the hospital wards or among my own patients, and I have seen enough lung surgery to recognize the difference between the pink, healthy tissue of non-smokers and the discolored, foul tissue of smokers."

"You know all this and yet you yourself will continue to smoke?" I asked.

"Yes."

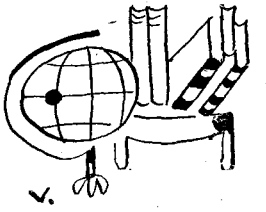
"Why?"

"I suppose I'm like many of my own patients. I've advised them to give up smoking but they'd rather not. It doesn't make that much difference to them if some years are lopped off their life. I'm very realistic when I tell them about the probabilities, especially when I point out that their chances of dying from cancer are about ten times greater than if they didn't smoke. But they really don't care. That's about the size of it. They really don't care."

"And you feel the same way?"

"Just about."

Here, then, is a problem even more serious than the problem leading up to it. And it calls for examination no less intensive and comprehensive than the research into the effects of tobacco on human health. For what is involved here are the ultimate questions a society has to ask about itself. What are the basic values of its people? How much sensitivity do they have to the fragility and preciousness of life? How shallow or profound is their awareness of the potentialities of a fully awakened human being? What connections do they see between a respect for life and healthy development of the society itself?



These questions are even more vital to the nation's future than the size of our stockpiles or the steady increase in the gross national product. Nothing can be more dangerous to a nation than the feeling by any considerable portion of its people that they really don't care whether they live or die. This indifference is not a narrow affair or a sometime thing. It affects the tone and quality of the entire community. It helps to determine a nation's goals and its ability to meet them. It colors the entire range of a nation's sensitivities and its perceptions.

The research project we have in mind would not confine itself to the attitudes of heavy smokers. It would attempt to find out to what extent an indifference to life may exist quite apart from the issue of smoking. And, if possible, the study might look into some of the causes. Is this a failure of education, or the home, or the church, or any of the other institutions, alone or in combination, that go into the making of a national environment? Is there any correlation between abundance and indifference? Is there any connection between insensitivity to the uniqueness of life and the spread of violence in all forms?

Whether or not an over-all study is made, there is nothing to stop the individual or the groups of which he is a part from pondering these questions and even acting on them. The entire field of education, for example, can ask itself whether content has been emphasized at the expense of attitudes. No lesson to be learned in school compares in importance with those lessons that develop respect for life and the possibilities of life. A school can be a supreme instrument for developing the human sensitivities. Not every student, even in college, may be capable of comprehending fully what Pierre Teilhard de Chardin is talking about in *The Phenomenon of Man*, or W. Macneile Dickson in *The Human Situation*, or Dr. Walter B. Cannon in *The Wisdom of the Body*. But the essential message in books such as these is clearly translatable and constitutes a specific challenge to all those who have access to the formative mind.

The basic test of a society is represented not by what the society does for its people or even by what the people do for their society but by the ability of both the society and its people to comprehend the principles of human plasticity, human perfectibility, and human growth. These are not marginal principles. They are the principles that make other principles possible. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Worth the Price?

I FULLY AGREE with John Ciardi that the Dallas event is no occasion for a witch-hunt [*SR*, Dec. 28]. It is, however, an occasion for a serious inquiry into the effect of violence as expressed by TV and motion pictures on the minds of susceptible youth. A curb on the natural inclination of TV and movies to offer such fare to their patrons might indeed eventually turn us into a nation of choirboys, but if it saves only one individual from sharing the fate of Mr. Kennedy, it will be well worth the price. Better a nation of choirboys than a nation of Lee Oswalds.

HENRY DEW, JR.
Daytona Beach, Fla.

Publicity and Principle

ALTHOUGH WE APPRECIATE *SR*'s interest in our work, the article "Under Poetic License" [*SR*, Dec. 7] has caused both the institutions and the investigators considerable embarrassment. Prior to publication we made it perfectly clear to *SR* that the program at MIT, Harvard, and the Massachusetts General Hospital was in a formative and conceptual stage, and that the research had not progressed sufficiently to warrant an article in the science section of *SR*.

Premature announcement in the lay press of scientific investigation prior to its completion and publication in a recognized scientific journal can seriously compromise investigators in the scientific community. This is particularly true when only the most preliminary experiments have been attempted, much less analyzed and interpreted. More importantly, despite the admonitions and the restraint shown by *SR* in stating that such prostheses may be years or decades away, the fact that it was published in a respected lay journal may impart false hopes. Many amputees understandably may misinterpret the actual stage of development of such devices.

We would, therefore, like to make it perfectly clear, as part of the public record, that the article referred to was neither suggested nor approved by the institutions or individuals concerned. In fact, when we first became aware of the possibility that an article might be written about this project, both the institutions and the investigators strongly stated their objections by telephone and telegram to John Lear.

It should also be pointed out that, at the time of Dr. Glimcher's visit to Russia, there were technical difficulties involved in the use of the Russian prosthesis, but the device was in no sense "crude." It was the product of serious research by Russian scientists, and was then and is at the present time more advanced than any similar device of which we are aware. In short, Dr. Glimcher was, in fact, very impressed with the achievements of the Russian scientists.

One final point: The article states that Dr. Glimcher "bluffed his way into a Moscow clinic to see it in action." The word "bluff" has certain sinister implications and conveys the impression that he gained admittance to the Institute by misleading or deceiving the Russian authorities. Such was not the case. The visit to the Institute was at the suggestion of Russian scientists and Dr. Glimcher was cordially received.

We appreciate the editor's cooperation in preventing further misunderstanding and embarrassment.

GENERAL JAMES MCCORMACK,
Vice President, MIT.

GEORGE P. BERRY, M.D.,
Dean, Harvard Medical School.

NORBERT WIENER, PH.D.,
Institute Professor of
Mathematics, Emeritus, MIT.

MELVIN J. GLIMCHER, M.D.,
Associate Professor of
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Harvard Medical School.

AMAR G. BOSE, SC.D.,
Associate Professor of Electrical
Engineering, MIT.

THOMAS L. DELORME, M.D.,
Medical Director, Liberty
Mutual Insurance Company.
Cambridge, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The editors regret that the distinguished scientists whose names are attached to the foregoing letter should have been embarrassed by the article "Under Poetic License," by John Lear. The principle they state is clear enough. Scientific research in progress has legitimate rights against premature publicity, which often can be not only embarrassing but harmful. In the present case, however, the circumstances were extenuating. Reference to the research in question had been made by Robert Graves in the 1963 Arthur D. Little Lecture, subsequently published over the imprint of MIT. Mr. Graves spoke about the "brilliant use [at MIT] of severed nerve-ends to give a man whose leg had been amputated control of an artificial one." In his commentary on the lecture, SR's science editor recognized that false hopes might be raised as the result of the Graves lecture and attempted to report on the present status of the research. He had known of the project through a conversation with Dr. Norbert Wiener more than a year ago, but had refrained from writing about the matter for precisely the reasons given by the signers of the letter above. When, however, a general statement was made about the research in a public lecture, later issued in a printed edition, this restriction had to be considered in that light. Accordingly, SR took full responsibility for proceeding with publication. We emphasize again, however, that Mr. Lear's article was intended to deal with possible misunderstandings that might arise as the result of the lecture, and was not written in the spirit of a "scoop."*

Certainly there was no intention to violate a code of scientific or journalistic ethics. Nor, in regard to facts, was there any intent to exaggerate the significance of the distinction which Dr. Glimcher, in conversation with SR's science editor, drew between completed research in Russia and the more sophisticated communications theory involved in the still-proceeding work at MIT and Harvard. Mr. Lear agrees that his choice of the word "bluff" may inadvertently have opened the way for un-

(Continued on page 41)

"And another thing, quit talking to me on my own level!"

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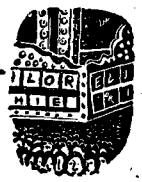

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

What's in a Title?

STANLEY KUBRICK, who in the past has directed movies with brief titles (*Paths of Glory, Spartacus, Lolita*) and who is now on his own as director, producer, and writer, has luxuriantly called his new film *Dr. Strangelove, or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb,* partly, perhaps, to forewarn us of his satiric intent, but mainly, I suspect, to get himself in line with the fashionable movement toward long and absurd titles. But I'll not attempt to figure out just how the title fits the movie and will concentrate instead on what he has made: an outrageous, daring, inventive, devilish, macabre, and scintillating comedy—one that is not quite successful in fitting all its parts into a whole as it tries for spectacular unusualness, but one that is successful in making its caustic comments on the hydrogenic world we live in. Taking that recent invention, the nuclear thriller, as his basic form, he has made savage fun of all the popular conceptions and misconceptions about the Bomb and of the people who must gingerly handle it.

Of these people, three are played by the redoubtable Peter Sellers, who merely varies a moustache, a pair of spectacles, or a shock of hair to create three totally different personalities. One belongs to an agreeable English Group Captain, stationed at one of our SAC bases; another to the President of the United States (date of office unspecified); and the third to Dr. Strangelove himself, a former German national who is now the U.S. weapons specialist.

Even though the other actors are given only one role each, Sellers does not entirely run away with the show. Sterling Hayden is remarkably good, and remarkably scary, as a cigar-chomping Air Force general in command of a B-52 bomber base, a man who has taken to suspecting the "International Communist Conspiracy" of polluting the lakes, rivers, and seas of the West with fluorides, thus sapping and contaminating "all our natural bodily fluids." The danger is enough to make him close off his base and send the B-52s past the fail-safe line into the Soviet Union.

As one of the bomber pilots, Slim Pickens is imbued with a keen sense of patriotism and pride of corps when the complicated code system clacks out its deadly mission, and he solemnly informs his crew that they're all in for decorations, regardless of race, creed, or color, once the bomb is dropped. Kubrick manages to combine racing action with his ridicule of World War II notions carried into World War III, for the forthright Texan pilot played by Slim Pickens not only springs into action as he has been trained to do, but has all the positive thinking necessary to go with it.

Positive thinking, hatred of Russians, and faith in our armaments characterize the top general in Washington, who meets the dread situation posed by the runaway bombers with confidence. He is played with virtuoso fervor by George C. Scott. Back at the base, an American colonel (Keenan Wynn) manages to bull his way into the sealed-off area with tanks and infantry but is suspicious of the Group Captain, who has found the recall code, because he looks to him like "a prevert." All the way through, Mr. Kubrick is unkind to the military. It is obvious that he regards them with a certain amount of suspicion and that he would regard mental clearances as being fully as important in the present scheme of things as security clearances. For, behind the comedy, adding terror to laughter, is a world developed to a point where a single mad act could set in motion the forces to end it.

ONE might quarrel with Kubrick that, with a matter of such importance on his mind, he is willing to descend to such low farce as to have a Coca-Cola machine squirting itself in the face of a colonel, or an American general and a Russian ambassador tussling over a hidden camera in the Pentagon war room. Some of his uninhibited high-jinks do indeed detract from the tidy appearance of his weird comedy. Disturbing, too, is the somewhat too realistic attack on the Air Force base. On the other hand, his extremes pay off in the visually interesting, if rather fantastic war room, with its electronically illuminated charts, and in his conception of the interior of the nuclear armed bomber. He has cooked up, with fiendish detail, an array of radar, bombsight, electronic signal devices, and countermanding devices that are brilliantly and horribly funny in their own right.

Does Kubrick allow the world to be saved at the end? The conventional nuclear thriller would usually have it so, albeit with a city or two sacrificed. But Kubrick is playing for keeps, and in the end he has his knuckleheads in the war room, with Strangelove as their intellectual spokesman, considering how to close the "mine-shaft gap." This sort of thing strikes me as true satire with the whole human race as the ultimate target. No one thinks our ingeniously destructive world-destroying bombs are a laughing matter. I'm very sure Kubrick doesn't think so. But on some fairly safe planet, out of range, maybe this is the way they would view our predicament. I'm inclined to think that this mordant young director, Kubrick, has carried American comedy to a new high ground.

IF Kubrick's *Dr. Strangelove* provides us with a nightmare vision of the future, *Point of Order,* a compilation of television kinescopes, gives us an all too real vision of the past. Daniel Talbot had the simple but clever idea of getting together the many hours of visual recordings of the Army-McCarthy hearings of 1954 and editing them into a feature-length film. The photography, of course, is neither very good, very clear, nor in any way comparable to what might have been achieved in a studio. But a studio director could never have caught the mercilessly revealing images that were captured when the video lenses were trained on the participants of that astonishing Congressional circus.

I saw almost all of it at the time, as I remained hypnotized in front of my set, but the full force of it never hit me, as did this brilliantly edited compilation of clips. The editors of the film see the hearings as a drama (and perhaps have selected their clips accordingly) in which a lone Senator has set himself up as a force higher than the state and in which he is slowly ground down by the superior forces represented by the various departments of government. The clips chillingly reveal a man who seems plainly of paranoid disposition, endlessly crying, "Point of order!" and being taken seriously until he is goaded into ludicrous displays of temperament and irrationality, upon which his Senatorial colleagues begin to desert him, and he is last seen and heard ranting endlessly in the adjourned committee room. Joseph Welch emerges as a greater fighter for truth and justice than I had realized at the time. Almost everyone else seemed muddled as to what the whole thing was about, but Welch knew that it was essentially about McCarthy and what he represented, and he kept striving to make this clear, and at last, surprisingly, broke through. The whole episode seems shameful now, but it is still endlessly fascinating for the light it throws on our legislative processes and Senatorial inquiries. *Point of Order* represents some valuable and remarkable work on the part of Mr. Talbot and his associates, Emile de Antonio and Robert Duncan.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Intramural Sport

IT IS ironic that the most profound new evening of theatre to come along so far this season should consist of two such seemingly slight playlets as the current Beckett-Pinter double bill at the Cherry Lane. In Harold Pinter's *The Lovers* we glimpse a husband and wife who, with gentle politeness and mutual consideration, have each accepted and even welcomed the fact that the other's life is being enriched with adultery. For this extramarital game allows each partner to alternate between two very different personalities, and the play seems to suggest that the primary reason for adultery is the need to enjoy the doubleness it permits, with the sexual sport being only secondary.

But after Mr. Pinter has amused us with the Ionescoish surprise that the husband's paramour is his own wife in a sexy dress, and that the wife's lover is her own husband wearing slacks and jacket rather than his habitual business suit and bowler, he winds up his quartet for two with the couple's ultimate dilemma: that the need for integration demands destruction of the double self. In a longer play Mr. Pinter might have created a cyclic continuum in which the forces of separation and integration keep battling each other. Instead, perhaps because Hilda Brawner and James Lipton are more attractive and entertaining than frightening, *The Lovers* emerges as a good extended revue sketch.

The other half of the bill, Samuel Beckett's *Play*, is a kind of more poetic and less philosophical *No Exit* in which we see only the heads of a man, his wife, and his mistress. Throughout the play they sit immured in large urns, speaking in brief snatches of indirectly related soliloquies as the spotlight moves back and forth from face to face to face. Unfortunately, the abrupt shifting of focus, the occasional speaking in chorus, and the need to reconstruct their story from brief patches of dialogue give the audience a formidable task, and we do not grasp as much of the poetry as we should. For what Beckett seems to be doing is lamenting the eternal bewilderment and agony three well-intentioned people find themselves forced into by two inadequate social institutions, marriage and adultery. Where Mr. Pinter appeared to blame our inner selves, Mr. Beckett appears to blame God.

Alan Schneider has staged the proceedings with precision and humor, to achieve an evening that is both unusual and entertaining—the minimum requirements, I guess, for popular avant-garde theatre.

The principal new pleasure in the second edition of *Beyond the Fringe* is a hilarious parody of Brecht-Weill songs played and sung by Dudley Moore. The diminutive performer so relishes the absurd transitions from harsh, guttural portentousness to schmalz and occasional inserted nonsensical American phrases that we are contagiously convulsed. The rest of the new stuff is perhaps less brilliant than the time-tested old sketches that remain, but it is always in the style *Beyond the Fringe* has created. Typical is Alan Bennett's amusingly smug explanation of what's wrong with America, in which he points out that our mistake was in inviting foreign countries to "send us your poor, your huddled masses," which of course they did.

Such polite and gentle insanity is the essence of the *Beyond the Fringe* method, which seems to destroy reluctantly rather than deliberately. More malicious is the similar satire offered by *The Establishment*. The best sketches in the latest edition of this revue are a mock-religious telling of the wonders Conrad Hilton has spread over the face of the earth ("In the beginning there was no ice water . . . etc."); an embarrassed confession by a sophisticated young man that he is—dare he say it?—a heterosexual; a savage parody of Philip and Elizabeth, as the queen asks naïve questions about the function of her job; and a sacrilegious examination of the difference between Roman Catholicism, Protestantism, and Judaism. The latter is at one point illustrated by a lantern slide of an empty cross on which has been posted a sign saying "Watch This Space!"

But the evening's greatest delight is a young man named Roddy Maude-Roxby, who is by far the funniest new comedian to pop up this season. Mr. Maude-Roxby is a slyly guileless pixie who always seems more concerned than those he's deceiving with the task of believing the absurdities he dreams up. And, as Lord Home, he tickles us for minutes by recalling again and again his whimsical pleasure at discovering that every time he used to call Rudolph Hess by his last name, the Nazi official would jump straight up in the air.

One suspects that *Beyond the Fringe* will please a wider circle than will *The Establishment*, but certainly no adventurous theatregoer would want to miss either.

—HENRY HEWES.

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Two-Way Stretch

LAST year in Chicago, on a Thursday between 4:30 and 6 p.m., approximately 11,000 commuters, homeward-bound at rail terminals, parking garages, bus, subway and elevated stations, accepted coded handout "ballots" distributed for WBBM-TV, the local CBS television station. A message on the ballot asked the commuters to watch a program in the evening that would survey the city's transportation problems. The show would be presented on Channel 2 at 10:15 p.m. and would ask viewers to answer questions.

No one knows how many commuters discarded, lost, or misplaced ballots, or how many read a book instead of watching the program, went to bed, or tuned in other channels to view Steve Allen, Johnny Carson, or *The Fighting Kentuckian*, a movie. But no less than 2,578 commuters saved their ballots, watched the show, answered the questions, and added relevant information. The next day they paid their own postage and mailed the ballots to the station.

Since that first survey program, the CBS station has presented other ballot-participation shows under the title *Feedback*. Chicago residents have been asked, via television programs, to choose subjects for community surveys. The racial problem turned up as No. 1 choice. The station did a survey on that; and it plans future programs on taxes, crime, birth control, and sex—all high-priority choices among viewers who mailed ballots.

The audience-participation device boosted the rating of WBBM-TV for the time spot to between 12 and 15 per cent of television homes—about what a movie achieves, not a public affairs program. The station also ran the coded ballot in four Chicago newspapers; 13,000 were returned.

Dr. Gary A. Steiner, associate professor of psychology at the University of Chicago Graduate School of Business, designed the two-way communications experiment. He said that the results were "high indeed . . ., surpassing even the most optimistic predictions." Only about 12 per cent of one group who responded would normally have watched Channel 2 at 10:15 p.m., if they were average viewers. The station deals with each subject in two half-hour shows, presented several weeks apart. Dr. Steiner analyzes the returned ballots and reports the findings on the air in a follow-up show.

The Chicago psychologist, in his recent book *The People Look at Television*, suggested that viewers want to participate more actively in programs—to respond in some manner, rather than just passively absorb. The WBBM-TV experiment seems to bear him out. He notes, however, that respondents to the *Feedback* surveys are generally well educated; they care about the issues, and they have strong opinions. They are already motivated.

The solution to the problem of how to motivate the unmotivated viewer remains untouched by *Feedback*. Nevertheless, the provision of means of self-expression to great numbers of motivated citizens is important. Few people write letters to editors; fewer than that see their letters in print. A *Feedback* survey via television enables many citizens to report their needs, gripes, and satisfactions to centers of authority in the community. Action doesn't necessarily follow, but clarification is contributed.

The technique has both drawbacks and advantages for researchers: it produces a self-selected sample, not a representative probability-finding from which predictions can accurately be made. Many variables can be introduced, however, and significant statistical comparisons can be made. The cost of one *Feedback* interview is about nineteen cents, compared to $20 an interview in the usual field survey. The television respondent enjoys complete anonymity and may be more likely to tell the truth than in a face-to-face, phone, or even mail interview.

The device offers excellent program promotion to a local station in its efforts to carry on a "dialogue with the community." Even motivated viewers need to know they are not alone. *Feedback* gives them an opportunity not only to talk back to the station but also to strengthen their spirit by talking across the station to each other.

The technique could be elaborated. A station could measure attitudes on an issue, produce a program seeking to modify those attitudes, then measure any modification with a *Feedback* survey. A station could persist in keeping an issue alive until action was taken. It could explore the far more subtle opportunity of programing mass therapy for public attitudes, once sufficient information had been gathered.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

"POOR, PROUD BYRON"

Not everybody liked Byron, but everybody talked about him or wrote about him. Lysander Kemp of Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico, has chosen an assortment of references to him, plus and minus, by other writers, from Byron's own day to ours, and asks you to assign the right quotations to the right commentators. Answers on page 39.

1. Comparing Byron and Wordsworth is rather like comparing the kangaroo and the platypus. For my part I prefer the kangaroo and that other bounder. ( ) Louis MacNeice
2. The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like Heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument. ( ) Matthew Arnold
3. He had puzzled the English: and the English are not a race who enjoy the sensation of being puzzled for very long. ( ) Samuel Butler
4. Close thy Byron; open thy Goethe. ( ) Percy Bysshe Shelley
5. Twang the lyre and rattle the lexicon, Marathon, Harrow and all,
Lame George Gordon broke the cordon, nobody broke his fall. ( ) Peter Quennell
6. He taught us little; but our soul
Had *felt* him like the thunder's roll. ( ) Caroline Lamb
7. Mad, bad, and dangerous to know ( ) Thomas Carlyle

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Books

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LITERARY HORIZONS

The World as We Want It

A YOUNG friend and former student of mine asked me the other day, apropos of my review of John Cheever's *The Wapshot Scandal* (*SR*, Jan. 4), whether life was really better in "the old days"—say fifty years ago. The answer could only be, "Yes and no"; but he pressed me to be more specific, and I tried to draw up a balance sheet.

To begin with, I am not one to underestimate the advantages of a highly developed technology. I know that we still have poverty in this country, but we have far less than we had fifty years ago, and in general the standard of living is much higher. We produce vastly more than we did, and by and large we distribute our wealth more equitably. For most people the work day is shorter and working conditions are better. I know that a high standard of living does not guarantee a good life, but, as anyone old enough to remember the Depression ought to concede, only saints, who are rare, can live a good life in conditions of black poverty.

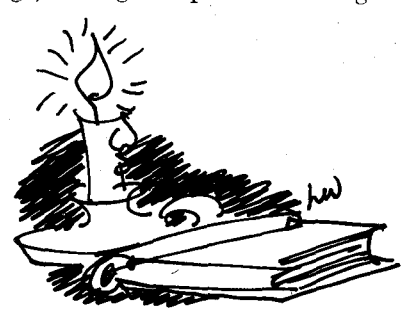
Even less debatable are the gains that have been made by medicine. People not only live longer than people did fifty years ago; on the average they suffer less pain and endure fewer infirmities. The most nostalgic of individuals would not turn to a physician who had only the knowledge and the resources available in 1914.

For that matter, not many of us would give up even the minor conveniences that technology has given us. In an eloquent passage that I quoted, Cheever writes bitterly of the superhighways; and yet I am willing to bet that he uses them, as we all do. I have a comparatively high resistance to gadgets; but my home is full of mechanical devices that have come to seem indispensable, though for many years we got along without them. And some machines are indispensable to the kind of life we live—an automobile, for instance—while others are a good deal more than conveniences, *e.g.*, the record player.

On the debit side, of course, one immediately begins with the fact of the bomb. In fifty years there have been two immensely destructive wars, and for nearly twenty years we have had to live with the knowledge that another world war could destroy the human race and almost certainly would put an end to what we think of today as civilization. As every international crisis demonstrates, this knowledge haunts the minds of millions and millions of people in Europe and the United States. I do not think that people who live in constant dread can be said to be living a good life.

If we do escape an atomic holocaust, we are going to be faced with a problem of the first magnitude—the expansion of the world's population because of advances in medicine and the raising of the standard of living. The problem is widely recognized, and much has been written about it; but so far there are no indications that a solution is likely to be found, at least until the situation has become even more dangerous than it is today.

Another disturbing consequence of technological progress is the increasing depersonalization of life. Fifty years ago, although the process of change had begun, the small community in which human beings confront one another as human beings and not as functions still had an important effect on our national culture. Today such a thing as a community scarcely exists in America. The small towns either have been swallowed by the big cities or have been so completely inundated by mass production and mass culture that they are merely names on a map. As individuals we have lost—and this is one of the things Cheever is saying—the kind of support that membership in a community once provided. We are all parts of the Great Society now, and many of us find it a strain.



Finally, the achievement of relatively widespread prosperity has brought disillusionment to many persons. For nearly a hundred years utopian socialists insisted that if the masses of people could

14 SR's Check List of Current Books
27 Literary Horizons: A general essay by Granville Hicks
28 The Winds of Revolution: Latin America Today—and Tomorrow, by Tad Szulc; On China and Cuba, by José María Gironella; Cuba: The Economic and Social Revolution, edited by Dudley Seers
30 The Eloquent Light, by Ansel Adams
33 The Vital Balance: The Life Process in Mental Health and Illness, by Karl Menninger
34 Psychoanalysis and Faith, by Sigmund Freud and Oscar Pfister
35 Little Did I Know: Recollections and Reflections, by Maurice Samuel
36 Pick of the Paperbacks
38 The Lost Shore, by Anna Langfus
38 A Dance to the Music of Time: Second Movement, by Anthony Powell
39 The Ragman's Daughter, by Alan Sillitoe
40 An Arid Heart, by Carlo Cassola
40 Criminal Record

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be freed from poverty and long, exhausting hours of labor, culture would flourish. Edward Bellamy, for instance, in *Looking Backward,* anticipating something like radio, assumed that people would listen only to the finest music. If one is in the right place of course one can hear good music on the radio any time of day or night, but anyone spinning his dial learns that good music is not what the air waves are full of. I do not make too much of this point; I do not worry about mass culture so long as high culture, or whatever one wants to call it, is permitted to coexist. But we do know now what we should have known all along, that leisure is quite as likely to be abused as to be used wisely.

WHAT I conclude is that early 1914 was, by and large, a more comfortable time to be alive than early 1964. It was not more comfortable for the poor or for the unwell. It was not idyllic for anyone: human beings in any age have a large capacity for creating unhappiness. In part it was more comfortable because of illusions soon to be destroyed. ("There will never be another great war," many people were saying; "the world is too civilized.") There was, as the postwar literary revolt testified, a lot of smugness. But I still say that my parents, though they were not so well off financially, were more comfortable in 1914 than I am in 1964.

This is, as Auden called it, the age of anxiety, and our writers are constantly bearing witness to their and our uneasiness. Some of them appear to believe that what is wrong could easily be remedied if the world would take their advice, whereas others believe that nothing can stop the world from going to hell. Some seem to me to blame on the character of contemporary society evils that have always been part of the human condition. But they all tell us that something is amiss.

The upshot of the matter, as I tried to say to my young friend, is that we have moved into a different kind of world in these fifty years, better in some ways, worse in others, but in any case the world we have to live in if we can. Our poets and novelists help us to understand that world. What they see is only a tiny part of the world, but if they see it clearly enough, they add something to our awareness. Such a writer as Cheever, by reminding us of what we have lost and are losing, helps us to know what we should like to make of this new world. And though I know that our control of historical processes is limited, I also know that if we abjectly surrender to them, if we do not do everything we can to make the world what we want it to be, we are lost.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

BOOKS IN THE NEWS

Money Will Not Make Them Free

The Winds of Revolution: Latin America Today—and Tomorrow, *by Tad Szulc (Praeger. 308 pp. $5.95),* ***On China and Cuba,*** *by José María Gironella, translated from the Spanish by John F. Byrne (Fides Publishers. 175 pp. $3.50), and* ***Cuba: The Economic and Social Revolution,*** *edited by Dudley Seers (Chapel Hill. 432 pp. $7.50), conclude that our checkbook is a weak weapon with which to best the hammer and sickle. Harold Lavine was for long a Latin American correspondent.*

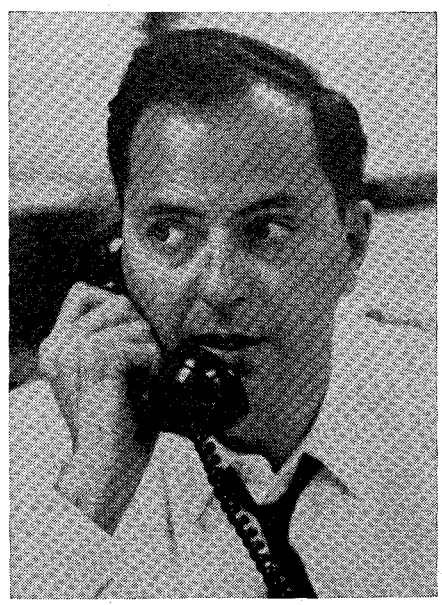
By HAROLD LAVINE

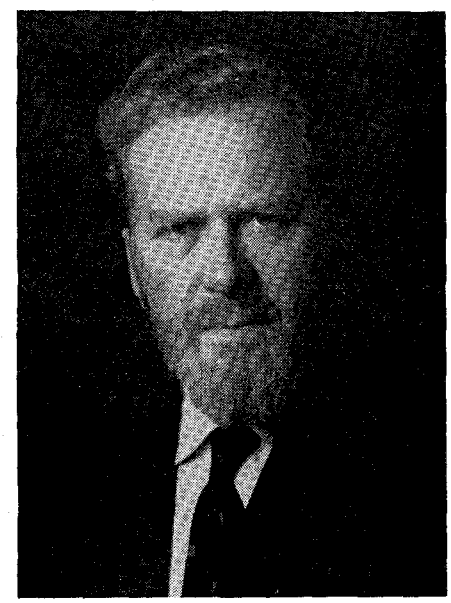
WE ARE a nation devoted to clichés, for we are enchanted by labor-saving devices and the cliché is the greatest labor-saving device ever invented by man: it eliminates the necessity for thought. And what are the communists, Mr. God-fearing American? "Godless materialists, of course." And what do they overlook? "That man does not live by bread alone." Having said this, we can turn back to our television sets confident of the morrow, when right, as usual, will prevail.

Somehow we manage to persist in our clichés in the face of massive evidence that communism's appeal is not to man's stomach but to his spirit and that it's we, "the God-fearing," who think primarily in terms of dollars and cents. Fidel Castro is not a child of the slums but the son of a wealthy landowner. Francisco Juliao was a successful lawyer before he became a revolutionary. The communist students at the Central University in Caracas drive to class in MGs and Jaguars. Men become communists because communism gives them an ideal to live by, perverted though it may be.

Cuba: The Economic and Social Revolution is a statistical study of communism in action by four university professors, one American, one English, and two Chilean. It's not entirely convincing because, as the authors are the first to admit, Cuban statistics are so unreliable. However, if the authors are right, communism in Cuba, while hardly an economic success, has not been as great an economic failure as most Americans believe.

Yet all we have to offer in answer to communism is money: a billion dollars a year under the Alliance for Progress, more billions from private investors. And when the Alliance draws only catcalls and yawns, when the investments are confiscated, we stand bewildered. We hear a Latin American intellectual denounce "Wall Street imperialism" and we protest that "Wall Street" has given Latin America railroads and electric-power plants, automobile factories





Tad Szulc and Dudley Seers—"an idea can successfully be fought only with another idea."

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and telephones. And we ask, "What's wrong with that?" We fail to understand that a Latin who finds neon lights blinking Goodrich and Goodyear, GE and Westinghouse, Ford and Pepsi-Cola at him wherever he turns may feel like a stranger in his own land and resent it. We read with relish that Cuba is now rationing food; this proves, we tell Latins contentedly, the failure of the Castro revolution. To the Latin intellectual it proves nothing of the sort; what impresses him far more is the sense of pride in himself and his country that Castro has given the Cuban teen-ager.

Tad Szulc and José M. Gironella write from entirely different points of view. One is a devout believer in American democracy; the other is a European who, if not a Falangist, nevertheless finds it reasonably comfortable to live in Franco Spain. Yet both reach the same conclusion: We'll never defeat communism in Latin America with our checkbooks; an idea can successfully be fought only with another idea. As a Catholic as well as a European, as one who opposes liberalism as well as communism, Gironella obviously considers the United States hopelessly materialistic and therefore incapable of contending with the winds of revolution that are roaring through Latin America. Szulc naturally does not agree, but he concedes that, so far, U.S. policy in Latin America has failed because it has rested entirely on money.

There is, Szulc writes, "little realization in the politically mature West that the Latin American social revolution inherently has a political content and that it cannot be treated solely as a statistical problem of increasing production, distributing wealth more equitably, and providing educational and health services. Though these material needs must, of course, be filled, there is also an abysmal political and psychological void that will invite other ideologies if democracy cannot make its influence felt. And it may be more urgent today to fill this vacuum than to offer another billion dollars or even to raise the annual per capita income by 2.5 per cent, as the Alliance for Progress unrealistically prescribes. For there is in Latin America a profound feeling of unrest, unfulfilment, and frustration among intellectuals, students, politicians, and the middle class. There is a hunger for a new orientation that sends Latin Americans in increasing numbers to the meccas of Havana, Peking, and Moscow—in that order—and makes so many of them challenge the meaning of Western representative democracy and raise the crucial question. 'Why should we follow the United States?' "

Gironella's book is a strange one. He has never visited China and he spent only a few hours in Cuba, when his ship docked there on the way back to Spain from Mexico. Yet Gironella has an instinctive understanding of the communist appeal and, in his few hours in Cuba, he saw things that most Americans fail to note.

He was particularly impressed with the program under which school children were teaching adults to read and write. After visiting a school for illiterate adults, he wrote: "Truly, there was something touching and lovely in that contact which joined such dissimilar generations in a common cause. The blackboards took on a redemptive significance. . . . Maybe the whole thing would wind up being merely a romantic experiment under a palm tree or beside the ocean. Nevertheless, that rural school, so austere, so poignant, so crazy, set up in the middle of the Cuban countryside, was like an oasis. . . ."

In contrast to Gironella, Szulc, who lived in Brazil for many years and has worked for the New York *Times* all through Latin America, including Cuba, is not merely perceptive but knowledgeable as well. No one in many years has written more vividly and with greater understanding of the underlying causes of the Latin American ferment.

Yet, this reviewer for one suspects that Gironella's doubts about the ability of the United States to grapple with communism in Latin America are justified and that Szulc is mistaken in his belief that democracy American-style can serve as a successful counter-ideology. One of the major facts of life in Latin America today is nationalism and, for historical reasons, Latin American nationalism must be anti-American. Another major fact is the necessity for land reform and, though certain countries—Venezuela, for example—may be able to pay for the land, other countries will have to grab it without compensating the owners. Nor does it seem possible for many of the Latin American nations to develop industry except through government investment. Their own men of wealth send their money abroad, while American investors have been scared off by the shadow of Castro and the hatred of the nationalists.

Anti-Americanism, confiscation, and government enterprise do not necessarily spell communism, of course; but no one will ever convince the overwhelming majority of Americans of that. Two years after John F. Kennedy launched the Alliance for Progress, Congress already was beginning to fret and fume over appropriating money for it. The chances are that next year it will fret and fume even more. The Alliance not only will lack the dyanamism that Szulc rightly thinks is vital; it will also lack money. The communists will then be able to say, "We told you so. America is not the answer to your problems. Only communism is."

Maybe it won't happen. Maybe the Alliance will survive. Maybe it will develop an effective ideology, perhaps by becoming a truly hemispheric program instead of one bearing the stamp "Made in U.S.A." The news from Latin America hasn't been all black. Romulo Betancourt's success in pushing through reforms in Venezuela in the face of communist terror certainly is one encouraging development.

"Just once, Millbark, let me hear you say no."

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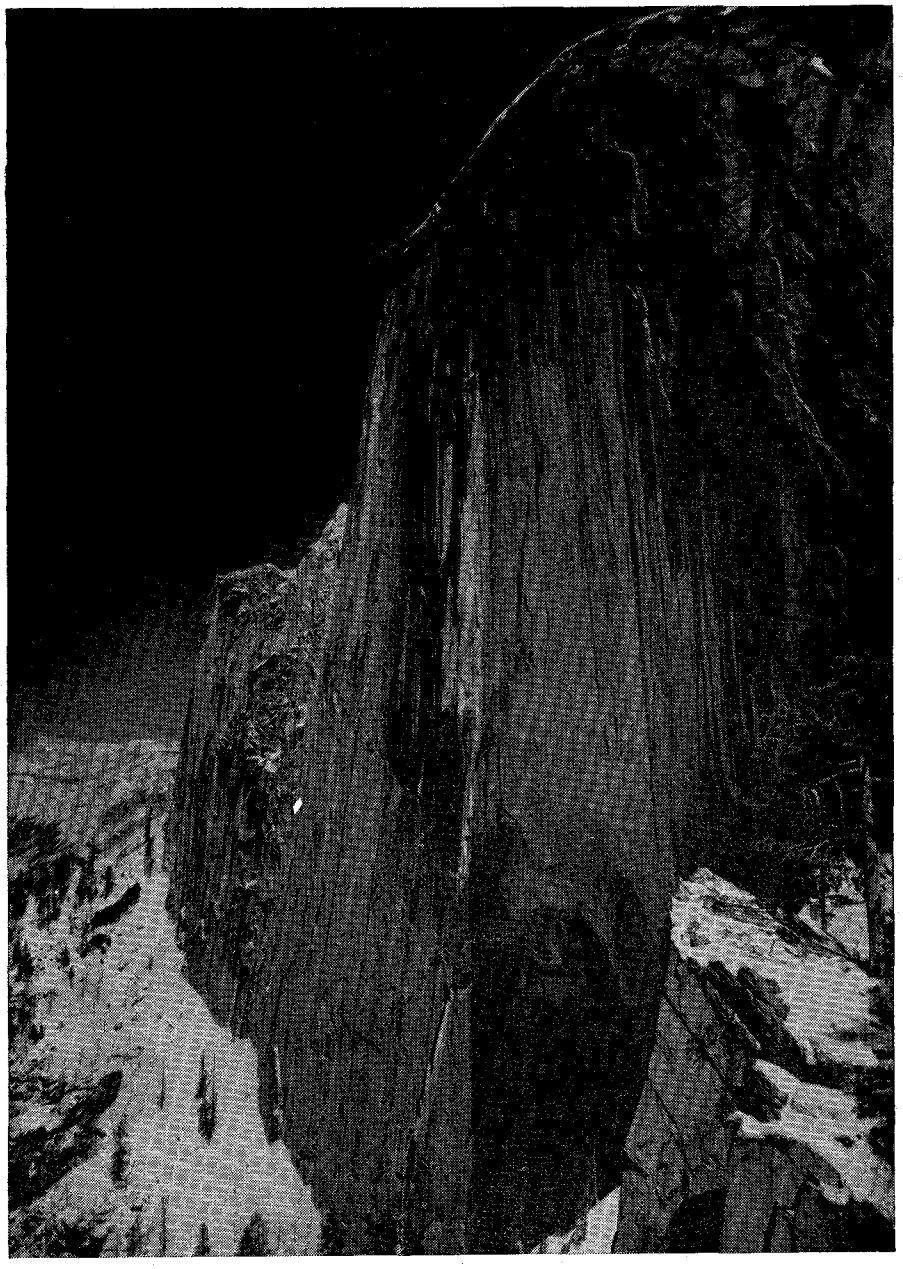
LIGHT IS THE LEITMOTIF

By MARGARET R. WEISS



MONOLITH—THE FACE OF HALF DOME

"Still slopes of ageless stone, immense in silence . . ."

BEAUMONT NEWHALL, director of George Eastman House, is quoted as having said of his wife's latest book, "There is absolutely nothing like it in the whole history of photography." What might have been mere husbandly pride is in this instance precise critical appraisal. *Ansel Adams: The Eloquent Light* (Sierra Club, $20) stands head-and-heart above similar attempts to fuse word and photograph into a life-size portrait of a man.

For more than twenty years Nancy Newhall has known Ansel Adams as a friend. She has known him, too, as a photographer, musician, mountaineer, teacher, writer—always the "constructive belligerent" who refused to follow intellectual fashions in the arts.

To discover "why he was all these things" she pored over endless files of letters, piles of manuscripts, albums, brochures, old clippings, and documents. Then, in words that are largely his own or those of his family, friends, colleagues, and critics, she carefully traced Adams's growth as man and artist. This, the first volume of his biography, covers the years 1902 to 1938—years in which Adams crystallized his aims and ideals, making the difficult choice between keyboard and camera.

Ansel Adams was a boy of fourteen with a new #1 Box Brownie when he first confronted Yosemite. From that day in 1916, he admits, his life "has been colored and modulated by the great earth-gesture of the Sierra." Every year since, he has returned to the Valley.

There, alone with his camera, seeking his own world in the vast bright intricacies of the mountains, he has worked to reveal "the beauty of wide horizons and the tender perfection of detail . . . the majesty of form, the solidity of stone the eternal qualities of the Sierra

(*Continued on page* 32)

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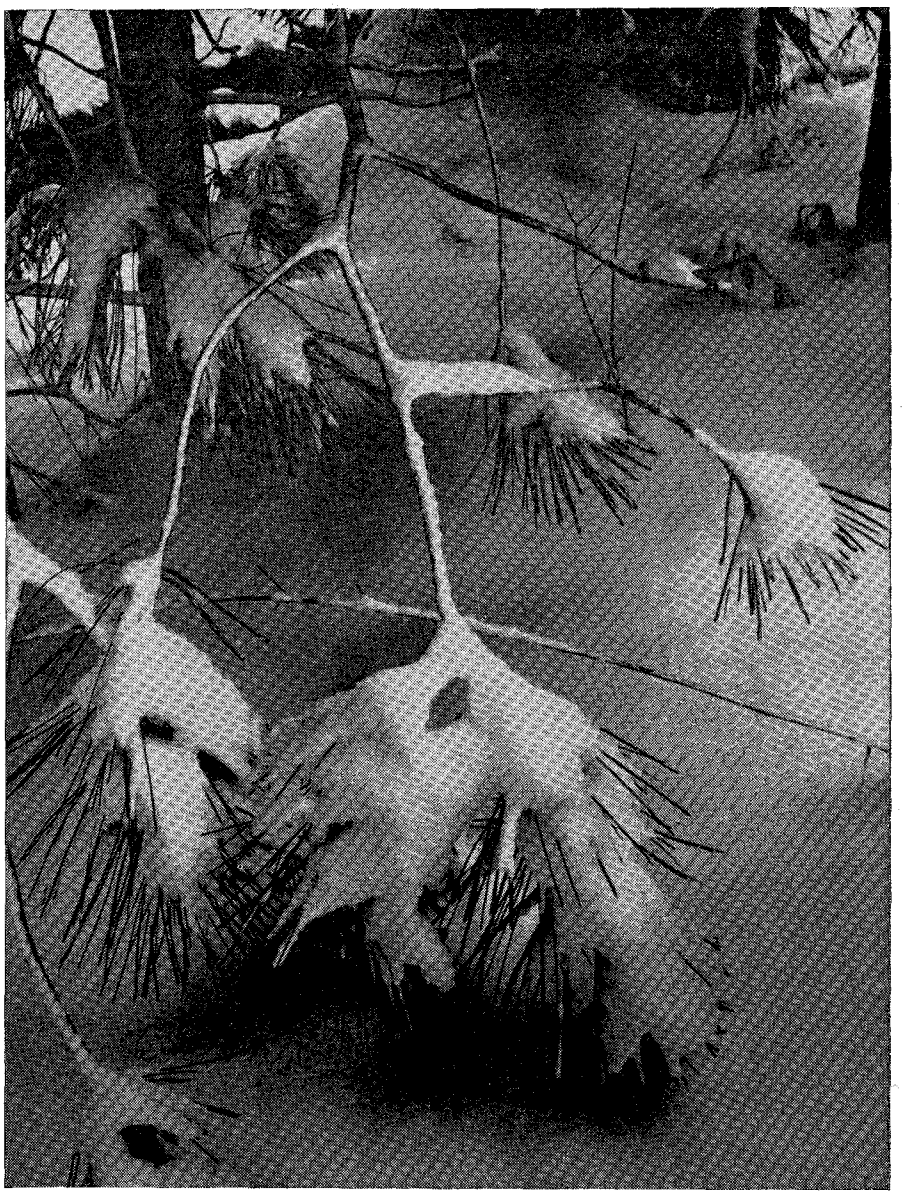
EVENING CLOUD

"The clouds are the cool voices of the sky and winds . . ."



PINE BRANCH, SNOW, YOSEMITE

". . . and peaks and forest gleam with frosty beauty."

SUNRISE, MOUNT TOM, OWENS VALLEY

". . . far quiet mountains notching the shrill skies."

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SKIING ON LEMBERT DOME, TUOLUMNE MEADOWS

". . . we glide over the glistening dome of the world."

(*Continued from page* 30)

[that] cannot be transcribed in any but the richest and most intense expression." Experience proved the soundness of this approach; his emotional interpretation has been graphically effective in communicating the story of conservation.

With a sensitivity intrinsic to the musician and poet he also is, Adams responds to the "companionship of clouds and shining mountains." And his camera is equally responsive to granite slopes gleaming with glacier polish; to dragonlike storm clouds or diamond light of moon and stars; quicksilver rivers, snow-frosted pine branches, aspens shimmering in the sun; the sudden surprise of wild iris.

But the camera image that transcribes what Adams sees and feels is more in the mood of a Stravinsky than a Chopin; it bears no trace of sentimentality. "I feel secure," he explains, "in adhering to a certain austerity throughout, in accentuating the acuteness of size and texture, and in stylizing the severity, grandeur, and poignant minutiae of the mountains."

Adams's boots and Stetson befit the "constructive belligerent," but they belie the artist who is humbled by what a box, a bit of glass, and a few inches of sensitive emulsion accomplish for him. "Sometimes I think I do get to places just when God's ready to have somebody click the shutter." There's the matter of mood, clouds, shadows, the play of light. "It can fool you out there—the light!"

And for Adams light is the most elemental part of the picture—whether moonlight or dawn, sun or snow or storm. These, in all their eloquence, are represented in the magnificent photographs accompanying Nancy Newhall's aptly eloquent text.

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Where Thought Walks a Tightrope

The Vital Balance: The Life Process in Mental Health and Illness, *by Karl Menninger, M.D., with Martin Mayman and Paul Pruyser (Viking. 531 pp. $10), holds that all forms of mental illnesses are essentially the same in quality, differing only quantitatively. Hilde L. Mosse, M.D., is school psychiatrist for the Bureau of Child Guidance, New York.*

By HILDE L. MOSSE

KARL MENNINGER gives credit to the "monumental achievements of Emil Kraepelin," who, "by insisting on the case-study method, a careful study of the course of each mental disorder in each individual case, succeeded in integrating psychiatry into the field of general medicine." Yet Menninger devotes a major part of *The Vital Balance* to a refutation of this very Kraepelinian approach.

Dr. Menninger maintains that "the notion that there were disease entities which could be discovered and defined and delimited and confirmed by various tests—this notion set psychiatrists off on one kind of wild-goose chase," and he hopes "that this generation will solve its name-calling problem by substituting for these appellations the categorical term "mental illness." Menninger blames the appalling conditions still existing in the majority of the mental hospitals in the United States and elsewhere on the general attitude of hopelessness created by the physician's preoccupation with diagnostic labeling. He describes these conditions and shows how "a radical change in hospital administration" can make the discharge of many patients possible. He says what many professional and lay people have stressed right along, that there is hope for the vast majority of mentally ill people, and that barbaric conditions in mental hospitals and prisons need not exist.

The two Menninger brothers hold positions of great power in American psychiatry, in its military as well as civilian administration, in teaching and in research. Why then does the care of the mentally ill in America remain as poor as it is today in spite of hopeful efforts made in some hospitals and mental hygiene clinics?

We can find the clue to this in *The Vital Balance,* in its theoretical, historical, and clinical orientation. It is Menninger's basic position that all forms of mental illness are essentially the same in quality, differing quantitatively, that "all people have mental illness of different degrees at different times." This blurring of the boundary between illness and health, together with the lack of a clear distinction between various pathological manifestations, leads to thinking in broad outlines and generalizations. It inhibits the investigation of specific, clear-cut factors with their impact, regardless of whether they come from within the patient or from without. Menninger is not interested in finding specific causes. He thinks in vague terms such as "internal relationships" and "external relationships" and "failure [of] internal integrations." He assumes on one hand "that psychiatric illness always represents multiple and complex reactions to multiple factors," but on the other that one single process can explain mental health as well as illness. He asserts that mental states "are all variant appearances of one stage of one process, a process continuous with the phenomenon of ordinary everyday human living. . . ." He believes that the future of psychiatry as a healing art and as a science depends on the rejection of the concept of disease entities.

Intended as a progressive step to humanize psychiatry, Menninger's "unitary concept of mental illness" actually represents a return to the pre-Kraepelinian concept of *Einheitspsychose* (the century-old idea that there is only one mental disease). Menninger's critique is mainly directed against the concept of two major mental diseases described by Kraepelin, schizophrenia and manic-depressive psychosis. But the detection of discernible disease processes did not create hoplessness and poor patient care. By abolishing the chaotic unitarian concept, it made scientific, constructive, humane patient care possible for the first time.

For even though Kraepelin found that schizophrenia is usually a chronic and progressive disease, he also observed that about 20 per cent of the patients get well, that more than 50 per cent usually recover from their first attack, and that social recovery is possible for many others if they get proper care. The outlook for manic-depressive psychosis is hopeful in any case, because it consists of acute attacks that usually end in complete recovery, and many patients have only one such attack in their entire lives. It is a historic fact that the greatest advance in humane psychiatric in-patient treatment, Simon's work therapy, was developed in the Twenties in a hospital in Germany, where the disease-entity approach was in use.

By seeing differences only in degree and not in kind, the unitarian concept is static, and not dynamic as its authors claim. For there are nodal points in history and science where quantity changes into quality so that something entirely different occurs. Unless we are aware of this law, we may not notice new developments as they take place. The weapons of mass destruction based on the use of atomic energy, for instance, are not just enlarged guns, but something really new in history. Delusions are not just an expression of increased "ego failure," as Menninger postulates; they represent a qualitative break with mental health; they are part of a disease process.

THE author bases his model of mental life on a modified version of Freud's later ego psychology and death instinct theories. He does not mention the Oedipus complex, which Freud considered his greatest single contribution and which opened the door of psychoanalysis to the systematic study of social factors.

The ego stands in the center of this model. It must maintain "the vital balance." Thus a person's mental health is determined by the degree to which the ego can hold "primitive and aggressive impulses" in check, and the cornerstone

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of this theory is man's innate aggression, defined as "the naked use of fang and claw, acts intended to injure or hurt." This *one* instinct then is responsible for all manifestations of human behavior, normal and abnormal ("every symptom expresses the wish to hurt someone"). Murder, check-forging, homosexuality, convulsions, suicide, delirium, as well as mass social and political action, are all variations of the same basic mechanism.

By so reasoning, the door is closed to a systematic study and understanding of social and historical forces and their impact on the individual. The possible role of seduction, suggestion, imitation, or of the mass media is not noticed; the steady rise of acts of violence that characterizes our time, what Fredric Wertham calls our "cult of violence," is not seen as a problem. Menninger therefore comes to the wrong conclusion that our "moral climate" is so advanced "that one can now say that the appearance of direct aggression is always *prima-facie* evidence of some failure or injury or impairment in ego functioning."

The unitarian concept of mental illness gives individual and mass murderers (such as Hitler, who is incorrectly diagnosed as suffering from a delusion) the alibi of insanity. In this way it absolves them from responsibility for their acts, and us from our common social responsibility. If everyone is more or less mentally sick, no one is really fully responsible for what he does.

In my work in clinics, courts, private practice, and medical-school teaching, I have had an opportunity over the years to observe among the younger American psychiatric generation the influence of the psychiatric outlook described in *The Vital Balance*. In spite of some practical successes, the result is not progress, but confusion.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1068

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1068 will be found in the next issue.

BY COB MYTH OBDFPXBQ

ESYC O HXBQKT CYFXGT.

WYKTSXMQT

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1067

Truth is a clumsy scullery maid who breaks the dishes as she washes them up.

—KRAUS.

A Freudian Conversation

Psychoanalysis and Faith, *by Sigmund Freud and Oscar Pfister, translated from the German by Eric Mosbacher (Basic Books. 147 pp. $4.95), dramatizes in an exchange of letters spanning three decades the efforts of the great psychiatrist and a Protestant clergyman to gain acceptance for a radical new theory about human emotions. Alfred Bloch's doctoral dissertation at the University of Paris was entitled "Les Idées Philosophiques de Dostoevsky."*

By ALFRED BLOCH

WHILE psychoanalysis and faith are the subject of a few of these letters, they are not the theme of the bulk of this correspondence, which spans more than thirty years. In essence the letters are vignettes describing the monumental battle by a scientist and a man of God for the acceptance of psychoanalysis as an eminently worthy theory concerning the inner mechanism of human emotions. The battle was arduous, the opponents formidable. In the heat generated by the war waged by a small band of dedicated men against the Establishment, the meaning, function, and hopes of psychoanalysis received their definition.

For our generation, to whom "going to an analyst" has become fashionable, as well as a frequently felt necessity, this collection will have a sobering effect. Psychoanalysis is not a panacea—and Freud clearly expresses its limitations—but neither is it something to be taken as lightly as fashion. Through the letters radiates the analyst's deep sense of responsibility in his agonizing quest for the correct relationship toward his patient. It is in dealing with this subject that Dr. Freud and Pastor Pfister reveal their mutual respect for the function of religion and of the therapist in psychoanalysis. Freud is rather envious of the man of God because the latter offers some answers concerning the purpose of life and the nobility of the human species. Yet Freud also realizes that psychoanalysis had to be discovered and developed by an "atheistic Jew"—an individual capable of searching in the human mind without preconceived

—Sketch by Dali, 1939.

Sigmund Freud—a distinction between "free love" and "wild love."

judgments and without the benefit of a sanctioned and sanctified view of the world as a whole.

Freud, Jung, Adler, their relationship and the bitterness of their split are discussed in the exchanges between Pfister and Freud, as are the first manuscripts dealing with psychoanalysis and the problems connected with their publication. Happily, the editors of the book have included valuable references in the footnotes.

The paragraphs in the letters concerning sex and love, and the distinction the correspondents drew between "free love" and "wild love," will go a long way toward dispelling the misconceptions that have disguised the "Freudian method."

Yet the major contribution made by this volume lies in the magic of letters. The reader becomes aware that great and creative minds speak in simple terms. They need not hide behind the façade of a jargon. They can communicate freely and easily what they think and what they feel. The intimacy of a letter allows them to dispose of a complicated problem with a sentence or two and then dwell on the factors that make life a fascinating drama. Freud's joy in his children, his gentle wit and humor break through, as, with enor-

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mous impact, does his stoic nature in confrontation with the tragedies that struck him personally. No words can better express Freud's dedication to the search for an understanding of human emotions than his diagnosis of his own mourning for his daughter as a form of narcissism. Yet his satisfaction with the increased acceptance of psychoanalysis is expressed with a forthright lack of modesty that can reveal itself safely only in a confidential exchange well protected by the opacity of an envelope.

This slim collection of letters is a major publishing event. It will delight both the general reading public and the student of the intellectual history of our times.

Notes on the Way to Zion

Little Did I Know: Recollections and Reflections, *by Maurice Samuel (Knopf. 326 pp. $5.95), suggests that being a Jew can be as valuable as it is difficult. Daniel Stern is the author of "Who Shall Live, Who Shall Die."*

By DANIEL STERN

IN HIS small, classic study *Jew and Anti-Semite* Jean-Paul Sartre defined, finally, the two major attitudes of the Jew towards himself: the "authentic" and the "inauthentic," the one accepting and the other evading and hating his Jewish identity. Maurice Samuel in his autobiographical reflections, *Little Did I Know*, is clearly and superbly "authentic." And, as one reads this fascinating memoir of a long life spent in search (and in service) of the Jewish people, an idea is born and grows relentlessly. It is that the "authentic" human being, Jewish or otherwise, is the one who understands and is faithful to his own personal and social identity. One who, in short, accepts his history.

Yet, finding and holding to one's individual identification is not a simple matter. Witness Maurice Samuel's odyssey: a journey which suggests that being a Jew can be at least as valuable as it is difficult. Born into the world of the Eastern European *shtetl* (small Jewish village), he and his family later moved to an English "ghetto" in industrialized Manchester. Both of these were worlds in which the meaning of being a Jew was fixed in the thousand and one rituals established since the Diaspora. And here Mr. Samuel speaks glowingly of the village tradition of veneration for learning and culture that has been the baggage of the wandering Jew.

Still, like many youngsters, he rebelled. Jewishness seemed to him archaic foolishness. Why cling to this eternally persecuted identity? And so Maurice Samuel became a teen-age atheist and socialist. His ultimate acceptance of his Jewishness, and later of the Zionism that has been a vital part of his life, is described in felicitous prose, laced with wit and a fine flow of anecdote. The most interesting of autobiographers often fail us in the matter of style. But Mr. Samuel is a novelist, and this works in his favor. He has a way of handling "folksy" material with urbane intellection, and he presents the most sophisticated of ideas embellished with the common sense of the old-fashioned *shtetl* Jew.

Throughout Mr. Samuel's journey we are treated to brilliant snapshots of the historical events in which he has played a part. His description of the Morgenthau Commission's investigation of the post-World War I Polish pogroms is an exercise in ironic illumination. This experience marked the beginning of his belief that the problems of the Jews had best *not* be left to promise-making diplomats, treaties, or commissions, but rather to the Jews themselves (enter Zionism). His activities in this latter cause included collaboration with Chaim Weizmann on his autobiography *Trial and Error*; and Mr. Samuel has been a tireless lecturer and fund-raiser during the years when such work meant life or death for the new Jewish state.

His account of these years is replete with provocative ideas. But most striking of all is the sense of shattering relevance that informs both Mr. Samuel's book and his entire life; an idea with which, in different form, James Baldwin has recently been electrifying Negro and white readers. It is the notion that in order for anyone to receive the precious gift of his own identity, and consequently his freedom, it is necessary for him to face—and accept—his collective past:

the history, culture, myths, mistakes, and achievements of his people. To the bruised and tender member of a persecuted group this can be as painful as it is for the wounded neurotic to face his personal history. But it is the only way. And Mr. Samuel's warm and spirited book suggests that it can be immensely rewarding.

The Betrayal

By Larry Rubin

SHE wrote, lying with the pencil pointing
Upward, worried at the last about
Something or other she couldn't quite explain.
The lines wobbled, like her robes of breath,
And no one else could read the words, but I
Was skilled in her dilapidated hand.
They found a pulse then and she wrote again,
"Not a word to anyone." Why
A woman poised upon the point of promise
Should squander final motion in a dumb
Command, when silence waited just beyond
Her leaden strokes, rested on no reason.
I nodded her into false belief, then slipped
Into the hall to show the waiting doctors
How my mother's strength was torn from the funnels
Of her shivered valves. And when I returned,
No secret gave her shelter. I saw
Erasure in her face, and no commands.

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PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

Ghoul's Corner: Thanks mostly to Jessica Mitford, "the American way of death" has surged to the forefront. Edgar N. Jackson's *For the Living* (Channel Press, $1.50) is Meredith Press's first publication via its new subsidiary. Dr. Jackson, a Methodist minister, agrees with Miss Mitford that funerals leave the survivors poorer, but he's cheered that at least they are soothed. Add to this a new edition of Evelyn Waugh's *The Loved One* (Dell, 50¢), that earlier fictional satire on one species of elaborate cemetery, which bears a cover designed especially for the ghoul at heart by Charles Addams. And then there's Peter S. Beagle's *A Fine and Private Place* (Delta, $1.85), which is set—where else?—in a cemetery. "But none I think do there embrace."

As if writers didn't have enough to discourage them, *The San Francisco Review Annual* (New Directions, $1.95) posts a forbidding sign in the front of its issues: "Unsolicited manuscripts will not be accepted." Well, *caveat emptor*. . . . For statisticians, not only did Ted Williams hit .406 in 1941, but Harper Lee's triumph, *To Kill a Mockingbird* (Popular, 60¢), has sold over 5,000,000 copies—unmatched, the publishers claim, at least in the past five years. Disputants and contenders, please challenge. . . . And Grove Press reports that the assorted books of Samuel Beckett, special and enigmatic as they are, have sold more than 200,000 copies.

Turn of the year and time for new series announcements: Washington Square Press issues the first twenty-four titles in the Reader's Enrichment Series, which includes both student and teacher editions of such familiar works as *Tom Sawyer* and *Lost Horizon* (60¢ each). . . . From Doubleday comes Anchor's *Documents in American Civilization*, each illustrated and offering original eyewitness accounts of the pageant of this blossoming country. . . . Contemporary Communications is the name of Beacon Press's new series, edited by David Manning White and dealing with books on "the manners and mores of mass communication in the twentieth century." First on the list are a couple of James Agee's fine movie books: *On Film: Reviews and Comments* ($2.45) and *On Film: Five Scripts* ($2.75).

—Rollene W. Saal.

Fiction

The comic tradition in English letters is a long and rich one, stretching from Chaucer to Evelyn Waugh, and filled with possibilities for such pleasant literary arguments as to which is the greater, Henry Fielding's *Tom Jones* (Signet, 75¢) or George Meredith's *The Egoist* (Signet, 75¢), both of which have just appeared in new editions. Not nearly so well known is Thomas Love Peacock, who was Meredith's father-in-law and the prototype for Dr. Middleton, one of the most successful characters in *The Egoist*. Two of Peacock's novels, though they are really closer to satirical essays than to the novel as we conceive it, are *Nightmare Abbey* and *Crochet Castle* (one volume, Capricorn, $1.45), deliciously clever spoofs of the high-flown Romantic movement. The satire is even sharper and cooler in the novels of Aldous Huxley. Just published in one paperback volume are *Antic Hay* and *The Gioconda Smile* (Torchbooks, $1.95), as well as *Island* (Bantam, 75¢), a mordant fantasy, written only last year, about a pleasure-laden Eden invaded by a snake of a newspaperman.

Also noted: C. P. Snow's *The Light and the Dark* (Scribners, $1.65), the most poetic of the novels in the "Strangers and Brothers" series, concerned with the glory and despair of Roy Calvert; Nikos Kazantzakis's sonorous fictional re-creation, *Saint Francis* (Essandess, $1.95); Anton Chekhov's *Late-Blooming Flowers* (McGraw-Hill, $1.95), short stories and the title novella, which has never before appeared in this country; Edith Wharton's *Roman Fever* (Scribners, $1.45), eight beautifully balanced stories from different stages of the author's long and uneven literary career.

Other Times, Other Ways

Cultural and social history generally offer a lively mixture of men and their times. Among the new paperbacks, and strictly transatlantic for the nonce, is A. R. Humphreys's *The Augustan World* (Harper, $2.25). While the eighteenth century has scarcely been neglected, especially in letters, Professor Humphreys widens the horizons to scrutinize business, political, and intellectual life; men like Burke, Fielding, Reynolds, and Handel roam his pages.

A hundred years later saw a new crop of politicians, artists, merchants, and ideas, and these are examined by Asa Briggs in *Victorian People* (Harper Colophon, $1.85). Along with Queen Victoria, Disraeli, and Trollope, some much lesser known but influential personalities—public defenders John Arthur Roebuck and John Bright, for instance—are illuminated.

Another century had nearly passed before *The Bloomsbury Group* (by J. K. Johnstone, Noonday, $1.95) made their appearance. Broader in scope than straightforward literary biography, this book includes a good deal of speculation on what brought Roger Fry, Maynard Keynes, and Vanessa Bell, to name a few, together with mainstays E. M. Forster, Lytton Strachey, and Virginia Woolf in that close-knit and highly self-conscious collective.

Back on this side of the ocean, Constance Rourke in *Trumpets of Jubilee*

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(Harbinger, $2.95) stylishly assembles Lyman Beecher and his two famous children, Henry Ward and Harriet Stowe, along with Horace Greeley and P. T. Barnum, into a portrait of America at mid-nineteenth century. At the turn of this century a most remarkable journalistic movement took place, and *The Muckrackers* (Capricorn, $2.45), edited by Arthur and Lila Weinberg, records its achievements. Among the immortal reform articles included are Lincoln Steffens's "The Shame of Minneapolis," Ida M. Tarbell's "The History of the Standard Oil Company," and a section from Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*.

As for books about those ring-a-ding roaring Twenties, there never seems to be an end. In *The Twenties: Fords, Flappers & Fanatics* (Spectrum, $1.95) George E. Mowry has put together a pleasant sampling of firsthand contemporary reports on such goings-on as Babe Ruth at bat, Lindbergh on the wing, and the KKK crusaders and Prohibition raiders at the ready.

Edmund Wilson has seen a great deal, thought about it, and written hundreds of articles over the past forty years. *The American Earthquake: A Documentary of the Jazz Age, the Great Depression and the New Deal* (Anchor, $1.95) offers nonliterary material from the 1920s and 1930s, all of it reported vividly, whether it be the opening of the new Ziegfeld theatre or Roosevelt's first inauguration parade.

Science

If publishing houses make New Year's resolutions, the pledge for '64 seems to be bigger and better science books. Nearly every publisher holds onto promises to explore the world around us, from the furthest limits of outer space to the deepest depths of the sea. One of Signet's new books from its distinguished Science Library is Angus Armitage's *The World of Copernicus* (60¢), known in hardcover somewhat more poetically as *Sun, Stand Thou Still*. It tells of the great astronomer who, in determining that the earth was not the center of the universe, caused a revolution of the spirit and, indeed, perhaps the beginning of our cosmic inferiority complex.

George Gamow is one of the best science writers at work, and in *Biography of Physics* (Torchbooks, $1.95) he succeeds remarkably well in the difficult task of presenting physics both with historical and with specific factual examples.

Dead of winter is probably as good a time as any to reflect upon our country's natural beauties. No book that we know so splendidly recalls the wonders of nature as *Wild America* (Houghton Mifflin Sentry, $2.85). The authors, Roger Tory Peterson and James Fisher, record their journey from New England to Key West to California, noting with extraordinary perception "everything that walked, hopped, swam or flew and the plants and rocks too." Handsomely illustrated with Mr. Peterson's own drawings.

Another naturalist and conservationist is Russell Lord, whose *The Care of the Earth* (Mentor, 95¢) ponders the use (and sad misuse) of our irreplaceable resources. C. M. Yonge's *The Sea Shore* (Atheneum, $1.95) follows the highly complex patterns of life on the littoral. Illustrated amply with both sketches and photographs.

For those who like to go right to the primary source, what is more fundamental than Charles Darwin's *The Origin of Species* (Washington Square Press, 60¢), which Darwin wrote in 1859 and then spent most of his life defending?

Writers, USA

During his lifetime Paul Elmer More was referred to as an "imperfect critic"; he is certainly an opinionated one, and a man whose views of literary figures still remain fresh and provocative. From 1904 to 1921 he wrote eleven volumes of essays while living quietly at his home in Shelburne, New Hampshire; Daniel Aaron has now collected some major pieces in *Shelburne Essays on American Literature* (Harbinger, $2.45), on such writers as Whitman, Henry Adams, and Emerson, the last of whom More considered our greatest literary master.

From Maxwell Geismar's hefty *The Novel in America* comes the third volume, *Rebels and Ancestors: The American Novel 1890-1915* (Hill & Wang, $1.95), which explores the significance of Frank Norris, Hart Crane, Jack London, Theodore Dreiser, and Ellen Glasgow.

Though Henry James spent most of his life in Europe and in 1916 became a British citizen, his characters, and indeed his own motivations, are decidedly stamped "USA." Two excellent studies newly published in paperback are F. O. Matthiessen's *Henry James: The Major Phase* (Galaxy, $1.35), an explication of the late, great novels, and *Henry James* (Spectrum, $1.95), edited by Leon Edel (who won the Pulitzer Prize for his James biography). The latter is a collection of critical essays from Joseph Conrad to T. S. Eliot.

Also noted among the new books: Andrew Turnbull's comprehensive biography *Scott Fitzgerald* (Scribners, $1.65), Harry John Mooney, Jr.'s *James Gould Cozzens: Novelist of Intellect* (University of Pittsburgh Press, $2), as well as Henry Anatole Grunwald's critical anthology *Salinger* (Pocket Books 50¢).

The remarkably varied history of a basic art is admirably presented in Anthony Toney's *150 Masterpieces of Drawing* (Dover, $2). The illustrations are large (8″ x 11″) and clear; they range in technique from sepia to silverpoint and in subject from benign fifteenth-century madonnas to the frolicking figures of eighteenth-century court life.

Study for "St. Jerome," by Albrecht Dürer

Studies for "Presentation in the Temple," by Peter Paul Rubens.

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FICTION

Companions in a Narrow Cage

The Lost Shore, *by Anna Langfus, translated from the French by Peter Wiles (Pantheon. 255 pp. $4.95), employs surrealist techniques to convey a bruised generation's indictment of contemporary society. Anna Balakian, professor of French at New York University, has written a number of books and articles on contemporary French literature.*

By ANNA BALAKIAN

A POLISH refugee's past and present cohabit a lost shore of uncertain reality in Anna Langfus's second novel, which won the 1962 Prix Goncourt. In her previous book, *The Whole Land Brimstone,* the author gave an account of her escape from the Nazi purge. Here, as she unfolds her tale of subsequent attrition, we become aware that the remembrance of things past occurs in the spirit not of Marcel Proust but of André Breton, from whom the author derives her title as well as some surrealistic techniques. There is the miracle of chance encounter, as the destiny of a twenty-two-year-old girl, living in exile in a Paris rooming house, becomes entangled with that of an old man, walking his dog in the park and mourning over the ebbing of his sensual life. There is the flexibility with which past and present mingle, and the living and the dead become part of the web of Maria's tortured mind, through which all real and imaginary actions are viewed.

—*Jerry Bauer.*

Anna Langfus—surrealistic techniques.

Here the Lolita formula is reversed, making us see the incongruous union through the eyes of the young woman rather than those of the old man with whom she is temporarily mated. As they settle down for a brief interlude on the French Riviera, Maria is bandied between a group of very young companions, with whom she intermittently recaptures the free spirit of childhood, and the old man, to whom she returns each night like a bird to its cage. Through it all the ghosts of her parents and sweetheart live with Maria in cruel persistence, and the living persons, into whose motives we are not permitted to delve, drift about, as aimlessly as ghosts.

"You will arrive alone," says the poem of André Breton, "on a lost shore, where a star will descend on your baggages of sand." The loneliness is here, and the barren shore, and the unsubstantial baggages; but the star is missing. If some of the surrealist technique is caught in Miss Langfus's novel, the tone has none of the magic and wonder of surrealist vision. It is moody, bittersweet, tired. In a sense it is an indictment. Miss Langfus's work belongs to the decadence of a bruised generation: supercivilized, exasperated by the ambiguity of bourgeois morality, supremely sensitive, haunted by death viewed and death awaited with apprehension. "Alive to no purpose" is the apt self-appraisal of her heroine.

A SUBTLE novel whose suspense and tensions are pulled by thought rather than action, *The Lost Shore* at moments transforms Maria's deep hurt into a symbolic statement of the maimed consciences of those who survived the European holocaust.

Looking Down from London Bridge

A Dance to the Music of Time: Second Movement, *by Anthony Powell (Little, Brown. 254 pp. $5.95), contains the second group of three novels in the author's ambitious cycle portraying contemporary Britain. Charles Shapiro teaches at Briarcliff College.*

By CHARLES SHAPIRO

THE SNAPSHOT of Anthony Powell that stares sideways at one from the orange-backed covers of assorted Penguin books in London shops displays, without a doubt, the very face that makes most Americans feel clumsy and keeps us at a respectful distance from the English upper class. It is, in its proud essence, the face of the man who doesn't approve of our dating his daughter. And, at first glance, his physiognomy seems to be the key to his fiction.

Thus we tend to leave Anthony Powell's novels alone to die along with the Establishment, preferring to get our picture of contemporary English life and letters from the likes of Alan Sillitoe, Robert Holles, William Cooper, G. W. Target, or, most popular of all, C. P. Snow. Their world, their insights are to a large extent our own; and in many cases we express them better. What we fail to come to terms with in contemporary British fiction are the novels that do not fit into our own traditions. We long for the familiarity of the teen-age narrator or the lower-class protester, and we seem to believe that England is simply a smaller, more polite imitation of the United States. And, being the wisest people that ever were or could be, we patronize where we should admire, we dismiss where we should study.

In short, we are guilty of neglecting in a shameful way one of the best of the English novelists, a chap whose chief crime appears to be that he is his own man, with his own style and his own personal sense of craft. Powell is describing a world almost totally alien to us, and he describes it with a wit and a point of view that strike us as very strange indeed.

Powell's most impressive work is a growing series of novels under the collective and appropriate title of *A Dance to the Music of Time.* His American publishers are to be commended for issuing these fine books, three at a time in single omnibus volumes. We now have at hand what Powell terms "the second movement" of his ambitious project, the fourth, fifth, and sixth

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books: *At Lady Molly's, Casanova's Chinese Restaurant,* and *The Kindly Ones.*

The narrator, as usual, is Nick Jenkins, a sympathetic, unpushy, vulnerable observer of modern England. His own affairs are part of the interest of the books, but more important are his descriptions of the slow, often crazy progress of his friends as they move from love to marriage to confusion. And behind their actions is an ever-present sense of history, of such events as World War I and the Spanish Civil War. Fortunately, Jenkins has a superb, subdued sense of the absurd. It is difficult at first to tune in to his peculiarly upper-class English wit, but once all the dials are adjusted properly we enter a fictional world as stimulating as it is foreign.

It would be best, of course, for readers who are to date unacquainted with Powell's work to begin at the beginning of *A Dance to the Music of Time*—with the opening volume, *A Question of Upbringing.* It is there that the action is paced, is set into motion; and it is in that book that we first meet one of the superb comic figures of all English literature, a fellow who keeps popping up in all subsequent novels—the man of the future, the unwittingly humorous, pompous, unperceptive Widmerpool.

The splendid English critic Frank Kermode, speaking of Powell's style, wrote that "one felt the presence of something new and distinguished, a manner not only individual but potent enough to provoke involuntary imitation. For a while one saw people in a new way; they behaved like acrobats in a slow-motion film." Now Americans are certainly not slow-motion people; but there is value in an intensive and loving study of our times.

Pegasus in the Grime

***The Ragman's Daughter, and Other Stories,** by Alan Sillitoe (Knopf. 190 pp. $3.95), blends the grime of Britain's unprivileged with a lyrical romanticism. Eric Moon is the editor of Library Journal.*

By ERIC MOON

THE MAN from another planet contemplating a visit to Britain and trying to firm up his impressions through research of its literature of the past thirty years might well read himself into confusion. Wasn't it the Soviet Union where the people's revolution took place?

The English novel, drama, and cinema of the past several years might convince him that it is in no-longer-so-merry-England where the day of the working man has dawned. The vantage point for viewing society has moved from Bloomsbury and Oxford and middle-class suburbia; and the worm's-eye view—from the industrial slums of the Midlands, the north, or London's seamier parts—has captured the recording of the scene and society.

Thus the most successful directors in the theatre and cinema are such as Tony Richardson and Lindsay Anderson; the most popular dramatists, the Osbornes and Weskers; the most lauded actors, Albert Finney, Richard Harris, and Tom Courtenay. And in the novel the cultured middle-class academic *farceurs* like Kingsley Amis and John Wain have lost their place in the center of the spotlight to writers like John Braine and Keith Waterhouse, David Storey and Alan Sillitoe.

It is an interesting, but not encouraging observation that the novelists have been the members of this group most severely dedicated to the narrow view from the bottom of the heap. The directors, actors, and dramatists have now and then spread their wings, experimented with form, style, and period, and with their material: witness the Richardson-Osborne-Finney combination in such vehicles as *Tom Jones* and *Luther.* The novelists, meanwhile, have for the most part pursued their straight line through grime, and some of them appear to be in danger of drowning in it. Braine is a good example of one who seems to be sinking rather than digging deeper.

Almost alone among this group, Sillitoe has experimented, although it must be said that *The General,* his one real departure, in the novel, from the black industrial earth and skies, was hardly a resounding success. But he has another asset in being, also almost alone among his contemporaries, an exceptional short-story writer. This was evident in *The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner;* it is confirmed by the seven stories in *The Ragman's Daughter.* Only an acid critic would condemn any one of the stories as poor.

The background of Sillitoe's stories is generally as unrelieved as that of his novels, but in the stories he is more able to vary his pace and his attitudes. He often reveals humor and a greater compassion, and sometimes he achieves a curiously convincing blending of his usual realism and passion with a lyrical romanticism reminiscent of the early Steinbeck but without the senior writer's sentimentality. This quality can be seen, for example, in one scene where Doris, the ragman's daughter, who has joined her boy friend in the theft "for kicks," rides through a depressing slum area to meet him on a snow-white horse.

"The Ragman's Daughter" and "The Good Women," a marvelous picture of a working-class woman who lives a full, good life instinctively but without understanding, are perhaps the outstanding stories in this book. But one of the few that the dust-jacket blurb does not extoll —"The Firebug"—is Sillitoe at his human best, playing with and capturing the magic and dangerous mischief of childhood. This boy with the lust for fire hears a fire-engine: "Before she could tell me, a bloody great bell began clanging—louder than any school or church call—bowling its ding-dong from every place at once, so that I looked quickly at the up-windows to wonder where it was coming from." Take that out of context, the fire-engine "bowling its ding-dong" and the boy looking at the "up-windows," and you might have Dylan Thomas rather than Sillitoe. It is indeed in the short stories that the latter finds his variety and indicates his potential.

Sillitoe may or may not be a novelist of stature: he has yet to prove it. But his two collections of stories must assure for some time his reputation as a short-story writer with few contemporary betters. Here there are style, variety, humanity—and the work of a writer who cares deeply, both about people and about words.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 5, 6, 7, 1, 2, 3, 8, 4. The title is from Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

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Home Town Girl

***An Arid Heart,** by Carlo Cassola, translated from the Italian by William Weaver (Pantheon. 219 pp. $4.95), concerns a middle-class Tuscan girl who elects home and familiar surroundings in place of emigration to America. Thomas G. Bergin is professor of Italian at Yale.*

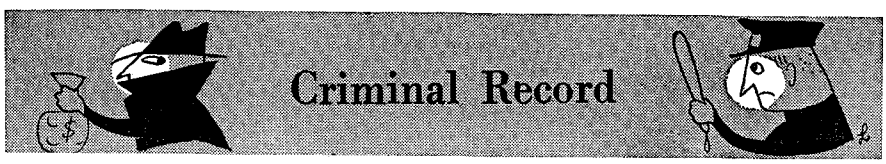
By THOMAS G. BERGIN

CARLO CASSOLA, following on the heels of the war-generation *neorealisti*, has in recent years won recognition among his compatriots and even, to a certain extent, abroad. He is now an established writer with a number of prizes to his credit, a core of admirers, and some not inconsiderable assets as a novelist. The present work will, I think, give a good idea of his virtues, as well as indicate what some critics have considered his limitations.

The "arid heart" of the title beats in the bosom of one Anna, whose status is a cut above the peasantry: lower middle class in mores, working class in economic condition. She is antisentimental by nature, and repelled by all the boy-and-girl talk, the fumbling overtures of her would-be swain, and the *milieu* of small-town gossip and conventional flirtation. All the same, in the course of the story she has her moments: she wins the affections of Mario, her sister's boy friend (the *mot juste* for the color of the relationship); she has an affair with a wealthy youth; at the end she makes her great choice, to stay at home with her family and her background instead of following Mario to America. It is in the long run not so much the case of an arid heart as of a rather unheroic and apathetic spirit.

And here, I think, we come to Cassola's weakness: Anna is typical of the characters in his other novels (*Bebo's Girl*, for example) in that she simply lacks stature, and so fails to arouse the reader's deeper interest. It is a principle of the author's not to intervene or interpret, which is fine from the point of view of authentic realism but which sometimes gives the impression that he too is not greatly concerned about the fortunes of his characters.

I think that Cassola may perhaps be read best as documentary. The background, manners, and motivations of certain human types, authentically Italian (and even, more narrowly, Tuscan) as the author depicts them, but common too to the twentieth-century Western world, are scrupulously portrayed. Cassola's realism has nothing "neo" about it; it is the old-fashioned sort, and none the worse for that. If his characters are unexciting, at least his world is convincingly realized.



The Banditti of the Prairies, or The Murderer's Doom ! ! *By Edward Bonney. Introduction by Philip D. Jordan. University of Oklahoma Press.* $2. Reissue, in Western Frontier Library, of the 1850 reminiscences of a famous self-appointed peace officer in Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri (time, the 1840s). Lively period piece, nicely presented.

Secret Diplomacy: Espionage and Cryptography, 1500-1815. *By James Westfall Thompson and Saul K. Padover. Ungar.* $6.50. New edition, twenty-seven years after original publication, of an authoritative monograph which is a successful effort to combine entertainment with serious history.

The Gun Collector's Handbook of Values. *By Charles Edward Chapel. Coward-McCann.* $10. This sixth revised edition of a standard and comprehensive manual describes and evaluates 3,000 hand and shoulder weapons, from colonial days to present.

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Who Killed Mr. Crittenden? *By Kenneth Lamott. McKay.* $4.95. Prominent San Francisco lawyer's death by shooting on Oakland ferry had Bay-area tongues wagging in 1870, and the full treatment given the case here will set them wagging again.

Three for Midnight. *By Philip MacDonald. Crime Club.* $4.50. What's become of the omnibus? Well, here's one, and a beauty; it includes *The Rasp* (first published in 1924), *Murder Gone Mad,* and *The Rynox Murder.*

The Spy Who Came In from the Cold. *By John LeCarré. Coward-McCann.* $4.50. British intelligence ace undertakes critical East Berlin mission that warms up to terrific dénouement; small cast is superbly handled. Ranks high on roster of top-flight espionage recitals.

Adders on the Heath. *By Gladys Mitchell. London House & Maxwell.* $3.75. Body-switch jolts young English schoolmaster (and jolts cops, too); Dame Beatrice Le Strange Bradley springs to the rescue; cross-country run by girls featured. Whimsy present, but is kept in bounds.

The 10:30 from Marseille. *By Sebastien Japrisot. Crime Club.* $3.50. Discovery of woman's body in sleeper sends Paris police scouting for co-passengers; other killings eventuate. Has good follow-through.

The Men Who Explained Miracles. *By John Dickson Carr. Harper & Row.* $3.50. These six short stories plus a 75-page novelette were serialized 1944-58; Dr. Gideon Fell stars in two, Sir Henry Merrivale in another. Has the old pro touch.

Mrs. Murphy's Underpants. *By Fredric Brown. Dutton.* $3.50. Am and Ed Hunter, uncle-and-nephew Chicago peeper team, take on chore of protecting threatened bookie baron; precocious small boy is key figure. Pace builds up nicely.

Too Small for His Shoes. *By Laurence Payne. Macmillan.* $3.95. Inspector Birkett (narrator) and Sergeant Saunders of Yard scout movie set to track producer's killer; second murder follows; echoes of Nazism abound. Longish and much-peopled.

The Fifth Woman. *By M. Fagyas. Crime Club.* $3.50. Against the flaming background of the Hungarian revolt, Inspector Lajos Nemetz trails a non-ideological murderer. Top drawer all the way, with admirable suspense, convincing characterization.

Because of the Cats. *By Nicolas Freeling. Harper & Row.* $3.95. How reassuring to learn that even Holland has its juvenile delinquent set! Nice Inspector Van der Valk here finds out more about them than he wants to know. Fine background, good motion.

People vs. Withers & Malone. *By Stuart Palmer and Craig Rice. Introduction by Ellery Queen. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Two crime-fiction aces pool their detectives to produce short stories in which humor is a prime factor. Nice pace-changer. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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Letters

Continued from page 23

desirable overtones in his description of Dr. Glimcher's action in Moscow. What Dr. Glimcher actually did was make use of his knowledge of the Russian language to gain entry to a laboratory.

We understand the position taken by the signers of the letter and in fact applaud them for holding to principle. We hope they will accept our own good faith on the same level of principle.

The Kaiser's Journey

RECENTLY YOU PUBLISHED a very learned article by Trevor L. Christie, "The Kaiser in the Holy Land" [*SR*, Jan. 4]. It is very strange, however, that in this piece one of the most historic moments of the visit to Palestine is not recorded. On November 2, 1898, Dr. Theodore Herzl, who had officially founded the Zionist movement only a year earlier, and a delegation of Zionist leaders met with Emperor Wilhelm II in Jerusalem. They had met the Emperor previously in Constantinople, at which time the Kaiser had been most friendly and encouraging.

This was the first recognition of the Zionist movement by a ruler of a great nation. Exactly nineteen years later to the day—i.e., on November 2, 1917—the British Government issued the famous Balfour Declaration, which was the basis of the resolution adopted on November 29, 1947, establishing a Jewish state in Palestine.

JACQUES TORCZYNER.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR is grateful to Mr. Torczyner, and to a number of other readers who also called attention to this aspect of the 1898 visit of Emperor Wilhelm II to Jerusalem.*

Missing Link

IN MY MANNER OF SPEAKING column for January 11, a line preceding the concluding quotation was inadvertently omitted. It should have identified the quotation as coming from Fred Hoyle's *Frontiers of Astronomy*.

JOHN CIARDI.

New York, N.Y.

Is Disaster Preventable?

"IT TAKES NO MORE than a single individual to unhinge history," N.C. writes in the early part of his editorial "Can Civilization Be Assassinated?" [*SR*, Dec. 21]. Later he asserts, "The only possible defense is to take [the] power away from him. If the President's assassin had been unable to obtain the murder weapon, his bitterness would not have been lethal."

N.C.'s concern with disarmament is shared by decent men everywhere. Yet before this *summum bonum* is achieved, there are still other "possible defenses" against the kind of disaster we have so recently suffered: the defenses built by criminologists, economists, educators, psychiatrists, social workers, *et al.*, against the anguish and frustration and hatred that impels the sick minds behind some men with guns.

As an educator, I sorrow at the terrible irony in the contrast between the man who lies dead in Arlington and his alleged assassin, buried in more modest sod. In John Fitzgerald Kennedy we saw the flowering of an education at its most highly advantaged. What books, what experiences, what great thoughts had gone into the fashioning of this brilliant young intellectual, given every human opportunity to grow and be nourished by the best of everything all around him. From the few sparse reports we get on Oswald we learn that his education was infinitely less rounded. He read, but largely (we are told) in the literature of conflict. He sat in class with other students, yet he was alone. He passed his courses, but with no sign of distinction and, so far as we can see, no special commendations, by spoken word or written, that said "well done."

Right now, in every part of this country, many thousands of young men and women are getting the same kind of first-rate education that helped develop a President. And this is promise for the Republic. But also, right now, there are many other thousands—economically disadvantaged, socially impoverished, emotionally at loggerheads with themselves and their world. Unless we look at this body of youth with far, far clearer vision than we have to date shown, the promise can die, murdered in one swift moment, by those for whom there seems no Promise. The time has come to ask very loud and very long and very clear: What makes a Lee Oswald or, for that matter, any kind of aberrant who at any moment can (and does) destroy?

Let the public dialogue go on—into the dangers of economic poverty, into the warnings of emotional disorientation, into the failures of genuine religious orientation. We need this now in my country, as a first move in a program of reaffirmation of our late leader's life and meaning.

As for myself, aware as I have been for many years of how badly we miss the educational point with literally millions upon millions of children from the lower-middle and the lower classes, I want to urge the immediate and forthright confrontation of what this may mean, not only to some future architect of some future frontier who will be riding an American street hatless and smiling and in love with life and country, innocent of the bullet meant for him—but also to the nation as a whole.

CHARLES G. SPIEGLER
Member, Education Committee,
AAUN.

New York, N.Y.

How to Review a Book

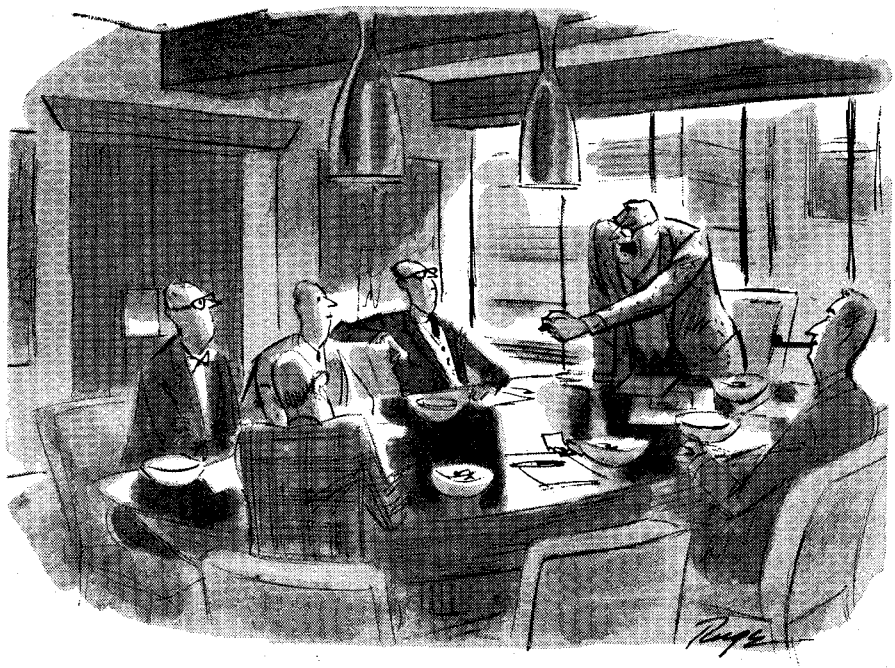
WEEK IN AND week out, Granville Hicks writes a book review that should be a model to all reviewers of current literature. He is kind but honest, sensitive but forthright. Hicks gets at the heart, meaning, and theme of a book, enriching his reviews with penetrating sketches of the main characters and giving us the flavor of the writing with illuminating excerpts. He evaluates how the author fits into the mainstream of writing today and also takes a long view.

I have become increasingly disturbed by many reviewers who use their columns to vent their own views or to show off their expertise. They show no control or discipline of themselves or their medium. They imply that with one hand they could have written a better book. These critics do their reviews and the authors a disservice by carping, undermining, and destroying through invective and rancor the author's work.

It is continually refreshing to read Mr. Hicks, who has mastered the art of literary criticism. I am thankful to him for his reading guidance these many years. He has discovered and encouraged many new talents and reawakened interests in those writers who momentarily are not in the spotlight.

FANNIE MANDELBAUM.

Topeka, Kan.



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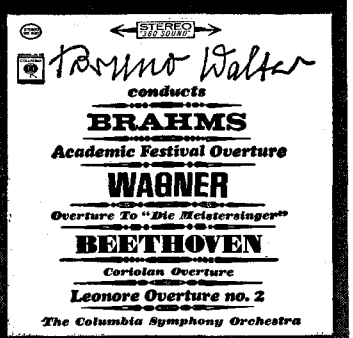

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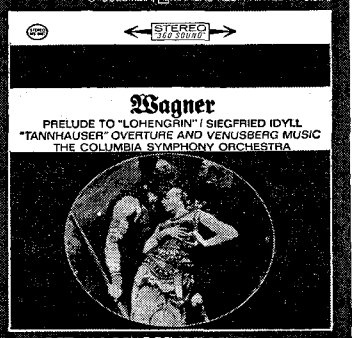

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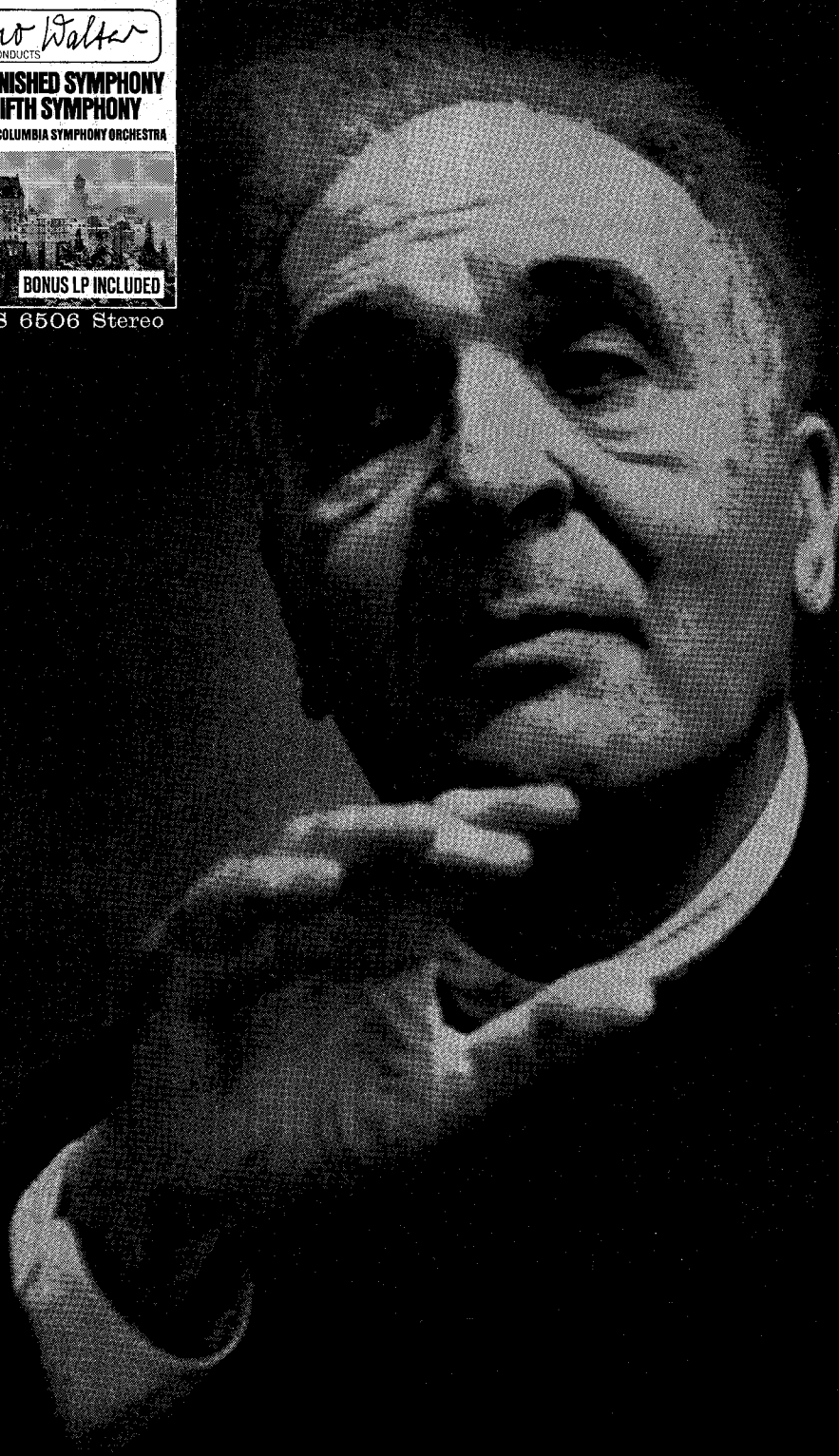

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DAN WEINER

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Debut of Mary Costa—Copland

AS an arena for human endeavor, the opera stage is commonly one in which advantages of one sort—vocal or physical—are engaged in mortal combat with limitations—physical or vocal—of another. The best voices are not always housed in the most attractive bodies, nor are the brainiest singers the ones who are a) well-endowed vocally b) good to look at. When the three are allowed, by divine dispensation, to cohabit for the mortal span of an opera career, something exceptional is obviously in being.

Mary Costa's debut at the Metropolitan as Violetta left no doubt that she is a) physically attractive, b) well-endowed vocally. Whether she is, as well, gifted with the brain power to utilize these assets to maximum advantage, only the future can determine. Considering that she was, only half a dozen years ago, limited in ability to the performance of an aria on the Jack Benny TV program, and that she has built herself to current consideration through appearances in San Francisco, Vancouver and London (Covent Garden), determination, at least, is among her assets.

There were some vocally uncertain moments at the beginning, but she had the margin of security to perform her solo scene in Act I ("E strano" etc.) with accuracy as well as flair, in a technically competent and temperamentally promising way (no final E-flat). She even shaded a swell and decrescendo here and there. In the acts that followed, Miss Costa gradually insinuated in her audience a dramatic conception that was simple, unaffected and unequivocally feminine. All her efforts were directed toward convincing the audience of Violetta's devotion to Alfredo, despite his doubts and the opposition of Germont senior. Thus there was an undercurrent of drama to support the musical structure conceived by Verdi. On this occasion, there was more to admire in the solidity of her technical execution than there was in the quality of sound she produced—quite big enough for this big theatre but a little muffled and lacking in brilliance—but that could well be different next time. In any case, there was good reason to believe that Miss Costa commands the vocal wherewithal to make her blonde beauty magnetic in such roles as the Manons, Desdemona, Gounod's Juliet, and Smetana's Marie, as well as a wider range of seductresses and temptresses.

In its other aspects, this was a *Traviata* much akin to others heard at the Metropolitan this year. Flaviano Labò went his way as Alfredo as Mario Sereni did his as Father Germont, rather more despite of than because of George Schick's conducting. He achieved a minimal objective of preserving order without much progress toward the maximum objective of providing momentum.

The latest *Ariadne* in the season's sequence moved a notch toward the fulfilment of the satisfactions inherent in this richly imaginative work of Strauss and Hofmannsthal, thanks to steady improvement in Teresa Stratas's performance of the Composer, in the Prologue, and the idiomatic sense of the composer's language conveyed by Martin Rich, who conducted in the absence of Silvio Varviso. Miss Stratas is one of those embattled performers whose urgency of voice and temperament must contend with a disproportionately small physique, but if one can conceive of the Strauss-Hofmannsthal Composer in terms of Mozart, Miss Stratas is decidedly appealing. The Ariadne this time was Lucine Amara. She met its lyric needs agreeably enough, but tended to be swimming against the current, vocally, when the dramatic demands bore down. Others in the generally able cast included Donald Gramm, who made his debut at Truffaldin, and commended himself for the kind of professionalism that has marked his work as a concert singer and in opera appearances at the City Center.

A fine family feeling pervaded the second week of Leonard Bernstein's mid-winter visit to the Philharmonic, the second also in the series pursuing the theme of *Avant-Garde*. At the outset there was a communicative performance of Vivaldi's "Winter" (from the *Four Seasons*) in which the violin soloist was the orchestra's concertmaster, John Corrigliano, followed by a familial cooperation of orchestra and conductor in Mendelssohn's A-minor *Scotch* Symphony, as a preface to Aaron Copland's appearance as soloist in his own youthful Piano Concerto (1926).

As the performance ended with Bernstein in a bearhug with Copland, it may be assumed that he, too, qualifies as a member of the Philharmonic family, and one of its most distinguished. Probably the embrace expressed as much appreciation of Copland's sporting effort to make his sixty-three year old fingers do what his twenty-six year old mind had conceived, as it did of the work itself, but it was, in either case, merited.

To those who were young when the Concerto was, and perhaps a little staider at that time than its composer, the work sounded infinitely better at its latest hearing than it did those years ago. This could well be because Copland's imposing body of accomplishment has fulfiled many moods and manners that were only implied in the Concerto, so that we can see, in retrospect, the ends that were only beginnings then. In addition, the relationship of idea to exposition has never been clearer than in this model performance by Bernstein, who fulfilled all the coloristic and rhythmic implications of the writing with his expertly probing, appreciative direction.

WHAT was, in momentary terms, *avant-garde* about this program, was pendant to the Copland: a score by Larry Austin, an Oklahoma-born composer now resident in California, entitled *Improvisations for Orchestra and Jazz Soloists*. This is another in the lengthy list of efforts to make the lions of the jazz world and the lambs of the symphony orchestra lie down together, or rise up in common appreciation of each other's aptitudes. Like most predecessors, it reckons not with the inexorable fact that whether or not they blow the same instrument, a jazz trumpeter such as Don Ellis, who led his phase of the performance, and his opposite number in the Philharmonic have an equally opposite idea of tone quality and articulation. As for the improvisational aspect, Austin's "themes" lacked such profile as jazz players commonly work with to make the results discernable. Finally, the fast-slow-fast sequence of movements embodied no such crafty craftsmanship as Copland possessed to fix a moment in time by the application of an ordering, artistic intelligence. It is, of course, possible that all Austin intended was the kind of noisy *mélange* that was heard; in which case, an apology is extended for expecting more. —IRVING KOLODIN.

Stockhausen's Non-Lecture

KARLHEINZ STOCKHAUSEN, probably the most celebrated *enfant terrible* of the German *avant-garde*, came to the Hunter College Playhouse recently to give a lecture-recital entitled *The Development of Musical Form since 1951*. The event attracted a distinguished, overflow audience that even included New York's current spokesman for the musical moderns, Leonard Bernstein. Aside from a small clique of countersnobs, it may be assumed that most had come to hear the words as well as the works of the man

(*Continued on page* 64)

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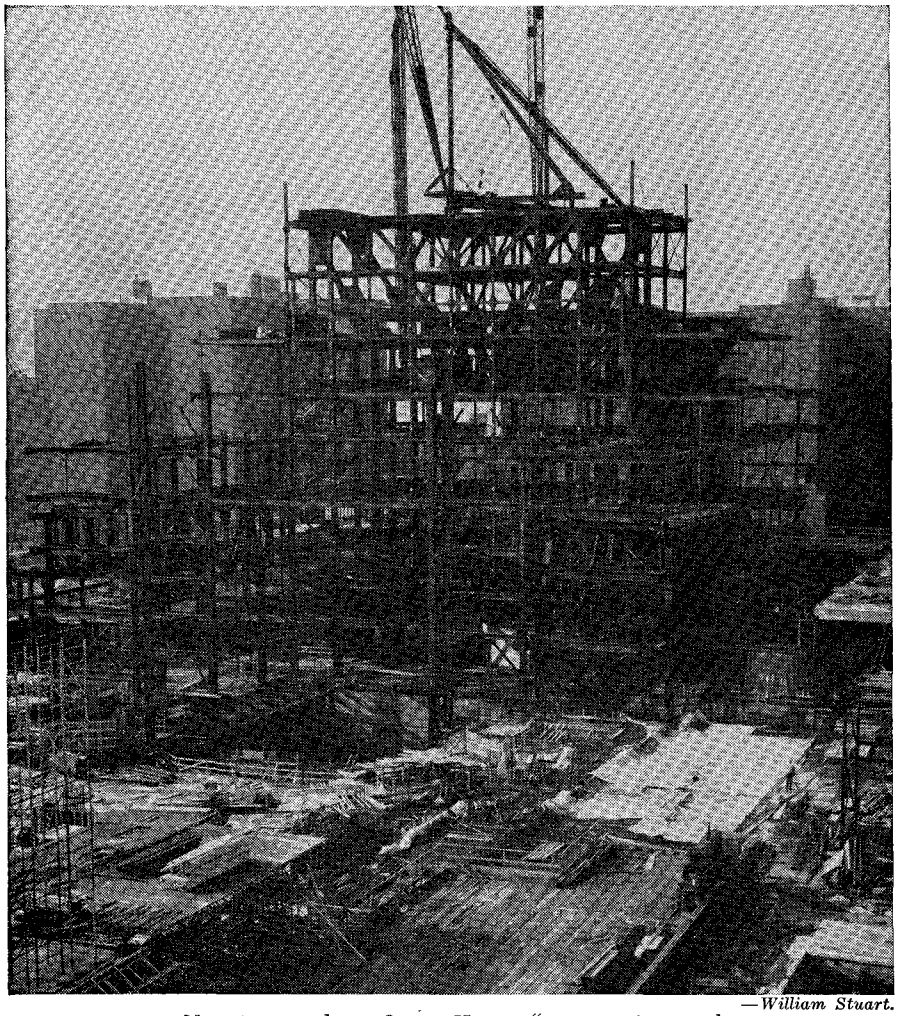

—*William Stuart.*

New Metropolitan Opera House—"an imposing steel structure tall enough to tower over everything nearby."

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About the Cover Photo: The scale model, which is six by nine feet, stands in a case three feet off the floor in Philharmonic Hall. Due to the deliberately exaggerated size in which it is photographed against the construction some five hundred yards away, the result may appear to be a montage. However, this is an illusion possible when recording three-dimensional objects on a two-dimensional plane, as in a photograph.

A NEW MOOD FOR THE NEW MET

By IRVING KOLODIN

FIFTY YEARS of hope and despair, anticipation and frustration are finally approaching their resolution with the steady progress being made these days on one of New York's oldest artistic needs—a new Metropolitan Opera House to replace the worn-out, long-ago-outmoded one now in use. From what was, yesterday, a gaping hole at the Amsterdam Avenue end of the Lincoln Center tract now rises an imposing steel structure tall enough to tower over everything nearby (see cover).

From week to week new elements will be added to define further the outlines now restricted to the stage house (trade term for the high rise over the stage itself and the adjacent working areas). Soon enough, no doubt, the encircling arms of steel will reach out from the perimeters of the proscenium to define the boxes, the balconies, and the other public places. Before too long, it may be assumed that the front façade, with its arches towering ninety feet above the surface of the Lincoln Center Plaza, will define the point at which exterior encroaches on interior. If the timetable holds—and the nearly complete New York State Theatre suggests that it can—the new Metropolitan Opera House should be ready for its trial runs not much more than twenty-four months hence.

All this looks back not merely to months and years of planning, but—it is not too much to say—to decades. Wallace Harrison's schemes for an opera house of Metropolitan size and scope have been maturing for nearly half his lifetime. They have been part of the hope and the despair, the anticipation and the frustration since plans for the original Rockefeller Center (Radio City), in which he was closely involved, included such a structure. Thus it is evident that whatever emerges will be a product of mature thought, careful planning, and as rounded a survey of the problem as human ingenuity can command.

What, however, of the activities that will fill its stage, resound to the applause of the public that fills its seats, and presumably be the justification for the more than $42,000,000 that is the present assessment of the total cost? How will it compare, in thought, planning, and survey of the problem, with the creation of the physical plant itself?

Rudolf Bing is a methodical man, and there are doubtless file folders and report binders filled with projects and productions marked "New Met" or "Lincoln Center." Unquestionably there are specifics—such as Strauss's *Frau ohne Schatten* and a new *Ring*—that are marked for priority consideration when the machinery and the lighting are at last available for their realization.

It may strike some as premature to

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launch such a discussion at this time, when there is half of the present season and two more full ones remaining in the old house. But, according to Bing's Metropolitan custom, plans for the next season are already approaching finality and will be pretty well rounded out before long. It is known, too, that the final season in the old theatre will be devoted almost entirely to a revival and review of what, in television circles, would be called "The Best of Bing." Unless intentions have altered recently, there will be no new productions for Thirty-ninth Street and Seventh Avenue in the final season of 1965-66. So once the nearly completed plans for next year are nailed down, in a few weeks, the really creative thinking at the Metropolitan will go to the next, the big problem, of the New Met. In such a timetable, discussion of what, as well as how, is not at all premature. Indeed, if much delayed, it might very well encounter all kinds of *faits accomplis.*

LET us hope, too, that it will go in the order suggested: in the first place, *what;* in the second place, *how;* and then, *who.* Most often in these times, it has appeared that opera directors generally are more inclined to approach the problem inversely—which is to say, how can we utilize what we've got?—rather than: What is it desirable to do, and whom can we get to do it? Obviously, it is impossible to do *Turandot* without a Turandot. When there are performers of the competence of Birgit Nilsson and Franco Corelli, *Turandot* becomes the kind of lively possibility that Bing converted into a brilliant realization by enlisting the additional talents of Cecil Beaton, Yoshio Aoyama, and Nathaniel Merrill, with Leopold Stokowski brought in as musical director when Dimitri Mitropoulos died.

But this is only a part, if an important one, of the audience-impresario equation. Between those rare times when the inaccessible suddenly becomes possible, and the more usual periods when only the accessible seems practicable, there is a wide gulf labeled, "The Cape of Good Hope," or "Beware of Sunken Objects." When the exceptional people are not available to do the exceptional things, there is a temptation to do usual things because even ordinary people can "get away with them." This tends to put a premium on the least bit of adventurousness or risk, and place an aura of desirability about that which is easiest and least troublesome (even shortest, *viz Bohème*). At the end of a decade or so—as the appended tabulation suggests—the works of substance, solidity, and superior merit tend to sink into the abyss of now-and-then (like chicken on Sunday), while the flashier, less troublesome, easier-to-prepare fare becomes the staples of the table, in the "What? Hash again?" category.

There are private advices that Bing is not really a *Bohème-Butterfly-Traviata-Aïda* fellow, that he is really a *Così-Rosenkavalier-Wozzeck* man. But if the theatre of which he is the head man comes up, year after year, *Bohème-Aïda-Butterfly-Traviata,* it doesn't matter whether his preference is really for Xavier Scharwenka's *Mataswintha;* his audience is still getting its annual or biannual portion of *Bohème-Aïda-Butterfly-Traviata,* and that is the theatre on which his name appears as General Manager.

When Bing was new to New York—and New York was new to him—it was the *rationale* of performances in double figures for such works (more than twenty for *Fledermaus*) that this was a way of "buying time" during which other, more difficult works could be prepared and a generally higher standard maintained. It would be ungentlemanly to take advantage of a season strained by hardships of reforming personnel to press the question of a "generally higher standard" in these or other things. But the prevailing tendency of performances in double figures has been to lower rather than improve the quality of the result. Twelve *Bohèmes* with twelve different Musettas may be the world's record for any theatre giving twelve *Bohèmes,* but so is 171 strikeouts a season—and not one of which Dave Nicholson is particularly proud. As quantity multiplies, quality tends to diminish, especial-

THE BING REPERTORY 1950–63

(Fourteen Seasons)

		Total Number of Performances
	Works Performed in Thirteen Seasons	
Puccini	*La Bohème* (New Production 1952-53)	135 (–19)*
Verdi	*Aïda* (N.P. 1951-52 and 1963-64)	118 (–2)
	Works Performed in Twelve Seasons	
Verdi	*La Traviata* (N.P. 1956-57)	113 (–9)
	Works Performed in Eleven Seasons	
Puccini	*Madama Butterfly* (N.P. 1957-58)	92
	Works Performed in Ten Seasons	
Bizet	*Carmen* (N.P. 1951-52)	93 (–10)
Mozart	*Don Giovanni* (N.P. 1957-58)	79 (–7)
Mascagni	*Cavalleria Rusticana* (N.P. 1950-51 and 1958-59)	70 (–3)
Leoncavallo	*Pagliacci* (N.P. 1950-51 and 1958-59)	70 (–3)
	Works Performed in Nine Seasons	
Puccini	*Tosca*	94 (–7)
Verdi	*Rigoletto* (N.P. 1951-52)	85 (–6)
Strauss, J.	*Fledermaus* (N.P. 1950-51)	64
Mozart	*Le Nozze di Figaro* (N.P. 1959-60)	60
Wagner	*Parsifal*	24
	Works Performed in Eight Seasons	
Verdi	*Il Trovatore* (N.P. 1959-60)	67 (–11)
Wagner	*Die Meistersinger* (N.P. 1962-63)	45
Verdi	*Don Carlo* (N.P. 1950-51)	43
	Works Performed in Seven Seasons	
Gounod	*Faust* (N.P. 1953-54)	62 (–6)
Donizetti	*Lucia di Lammermoor*	47
Wagner	*Tristan und Isolde* (N.P. 1959-60)	38
	Works Performed in Six Seasons	
Verdi	*La Forza del Destino* (N.P. 1952-53)	45
Mussorgsky	*Boris Godunov*	41
Verdi	*Otello* (N.P. 1962-63)	40
Strauss, R.	*Der Rosenkavalier*	40
Ponchielli	*La Gioconda*	30
Wagner	*Die Walküre*	23
	Works Performed in Five Seasons	
Rossini	*Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (N.P. 1953-54)	51 (–8)
Giordano	*Andrea Chenier* (N.P. 1954-55)	38
Verdi	*Un Ballo in Maschera* (N.P. 1961-62)	35
Mozart	*The Magic Flute* (N.P. 1955-56)	33 (–2)
Wagner	*Lohengrin*	31

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ly in a time when singers of ability for such roles as Mimi, Rodolfo, Marcello, *et al.* are somewhat less than abundant.

To be worthy of the opportunity that presents itself in the new Met, the first requirement, it seems to me, is a New Mood. And the cardinal requirement of this New Mood is a disavowal of the thesis that a full opera house means an opera house full of satisfied patrons. There is, after all, no counterattraction in New York to what is an effective monopoly for most of the weeks of fall, winter, and spring months. The glowing figures of high subscription sales and waiting lists from year to year do not automatically prove that the Metropolitan is performing its function in the most commendable fashion. It means, merely, that in a city of some 8,000,000, with surrounding areas of more millions, there are enough people to patronize a major opera house 175 or so times a winter.

IN a recent article for *McCall's*, Bing cited the extension of the Met season from eighteen to twenty-six weeks as one of the accomplishments of his New York career in which he takes particular pride. The accomplishment is tangible, his pride justified. But it should be noted that, during his first twenty-week season, a total of twenty-one works were performed. A dozen years later, when the total of subscription weeks had risen to twenty-six in 1962-63, the number of different works performed had increased by only two, to twenty-three. Thus more performances of a small number of works were being given, with an inevitable toll of freshness and interest not merely for the constant attenders, but even more for such constant performers as conductors, orchestra, basic personnel. With the projected expansion of the season in Lincoln Center toward the ideal of a year-round operation, expansion of the repertory may be a condition of survival rather than merely an assertion of taste.

If there is to be a New Mood for the New Met, it should reckon as a fact of musical geography that the operatic world is not bounded by the Adriatic Sea and the English Channel, the Rhine and the Danube (with an occasional foray into France or as far East as Tchaikovsky's *Eugen Onegin* or Mussorgsky's *Boris*). Rudolf Bing has earned our gratitude for redoing virtually the whole house of Verdi, and opening such long-sealed rooms as *Nabucco* and *Macbeth*, likewise recalling the seldom-favored *Don Carlo*, *Ernani*, and *Falstaff*. We thank him, too, for *Wozzeck* and *Arabella*, *La Perichole* and *Ariadne auf Naxos*. But it is pertinent to note that each accession has cost us a valued friend of the past: *Hänsel und Gretel*, *Le Coq d'or*, *The Bartered Bride*, *Roméo et Juliette*, *Mefistofele*—to mention but a few works which have been considered "standard" at the Metropolitan in the past. Add *Der Freischütz*, *William Tell*, *La Rondine*, and *Pique Dame*, and the list of performable operas is by no means exhausted. A further source of variety could be developed from the ballet, which has changed hands several times in the past decade and is now in the thoroughly experienced ones of Dame Alicia Markova.

For a New Mood, chronology should be no less expanded than geography to widen the perimeter of operatic experience for the public of the New Met. Unless the Lincoln Center venture is to stigmatize itself as merely the real estate development or "housing project for the arts" which its detractors term it, a broadening and expansion of the activities that its constituents *could not carry out where they were* is mandatory. This calls for the Metropolitan to become far more of a participant in the contemporary aspect of opera than it has been in the past decade, or the decades back to the Twenties—especially since foundation support for such ventures is readily available. It is indeed, a community obligation for the Metropolitan to develop a going relation with the American composer if it is to justify not merely the construction of a new plant but the destruction of the old one.

Thousands of people are sentimentally attached to it, primarily those who have never experienced the difficulties

(*Continued on page* 61)

Mozart	*Così fan Tutte* (N.P. 1951-52)	31
Wagner	*Götterdämmerung*	21
	Works Performed in Four Seasons	
Massenet	*Manon* (N.P. 1963-64)	28
Offenbach	*Les Contes d'Hoffmann* (N.P. 1955-56)	27
Strauss, R.	*Salome*	22
Puccini	*Manon Lescaut*	22
Verdi	*Macbeth* (N.P. 1958-59)	22
	Works Performed in Three Seasons	
Offenbach	*La Perichole* (N.P. 1956-57)	26 (—1)
Puccini	*Turandot* (N.P. 1960-61)	23
Wagner	*Der Fliegende Holländer* (N.P. 1950-51)	23
Tchaikovsky	*Eugen Onegin* (N.P. 1957-58)	20
Beethoven	*Fidelio* (N.P. 1959-60)	18
Wagner	*Tannhäuser* (N.P. 1953-54)	17
Gluck	*Orfeo ed Eurydice*	15
Debussy	*Pelléas et Mélisande*	15
Strauss, R.	*Arabella* (N.P. 1954-55)	15
Strauss, R.	*Elektra*	14
Saint-Saëns	*Samson et Dalila*	13
Wagner	*Siegfried*	9
Wagner	*Das Rheingold*	8
	Works Performed in Two Seasons	
Bellini	*La Sonnambula* (N.P. 1962-63)	18
Donizetti	*L'Elisir d'Amore* (N.P. 1960-61)	16
Verdi	*Ernani* (N.P. 1956-57)	14
Strauss, R.	*Ariadne auf Naxos* (N.P. 1962-63)	14
Verdi	*Simon Boccanegra* (N.P. 1959-60)	12
Gluck	*Alcestis* (N.P. 1960-61)	12
Puccini	*Gianni Schicchi*	11
Donizetti	*Don Pasquale* (N.P. 1955-56)	11
Barber	*Vanessa* (N.P. 1957-58)	10
Berg	*Wozzeck* (N.P. 1958-59)	10
Bellini	*Norma*	9
Stravinsky	*The Rake's Progress* (N.P. 1952-53)	7
Verdi	*Requiem*	6
	Works Performed in One Season	
Cilèa	*Adriana Lecouvreur* (N.P. 1962-63)	10
Strauss, J.	*The Gypsy Baron* (N.P. 1959-60)	9
Verdi	*Nabucco* (N.P. 1960-61)	9
Puccini	*La Fanciulla del West* (Production on loan from Chicago Opera, 1961-62)	8
Flotow	*Martha* (N.P. 1960-61)	7
Verdi	*Falstaff* (N.P. 1963-64)	7
Menotti	*The Last Savage* (N.P. 1963-64)	7
Verdi	*Vittorio* (ballet) (N.P. 1954-55)	6
Rossini-Britten	*Soirée* (ballet) (N.P. 1955-56)	5

Grand Total 2,413 performances (—94)

Note: This tabulation does not include the special World's Fair Season of 1963-64. Data on the present season is based on schedules available at press time.

* Figures in parentheses represent student performances.

—Compiled by Martin Bernheimer and Peggy Sunde.

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Schnabel Reappraised

By SANFORD STELE

"FOR twenty years I have refused to be part of this destruction by preservation. . . . The coupling of the increasingly changeable man with the permanently insensitive machine is wrong. . . . My body is too weak for this process. I was close to a breakdown and almost wept when on the street alone. . . . My conscience torments me. This is the surrender to evil, treason against life, the marriage with death."

These gloomy sentences were written approximately thirty years ago by Artur Schnabel. He had committed himself, early in 1932, to a recording project for HMV, which was to encompass Beethoven's thirty-two piano sonatas, the *Diabelli* Variations, the concerti, and several smaller works. These remarks, contained in a letter written during the first year of that project, are most directly reflective of his concern that recordings, by fixing interpretations in time, would deprive them of their right to continuously evolve. Beyond the specific issues that prompted it, his letter also suggests a deeply humanistic commitment; it can, in fact, be considered a fragment of a larger dialogue that Schnabel carried on most of his life, in which he upheld with all his eloquence, as a musician and as a man, the cause of personal responsibility.

Angel Records, under the aegis of its *Great Recordings of the Century* series, has recently rereleased, in a thirteen-record album, Artur Schnabel's celebrated performance of the Beethoven sonatas (GRM 4005, COLH 51-63, $77.98, mono only). The sonatas are presented in chronological order, proceeding from one side of a record to its reverse, with none of the sonatas occupying more than a single disc. The accompanying brochure containing biographical data and analyses of the sonatas is helpful, with the exception of an essay by Eric Blom, *Interpretation In Beethoven.*

Quite beyond the fact that it is well produced, this album affords to a new generation of listeners, matured subsequent to the Victor release of the sonatas in the Fifties, an opportunity to experience Schnabel's art; it permits those familiar with the performances to reconsider them with contemporary standards.

Before turning to these records, however, we might briefly consider the music they serve. A single concept appears to prevail, to varying degrees, in most of Beethoven's music. It is the ambivalent conception of *humanitas,* the recognition of those qualities in man that distinguish him from what is both greater and lesser than himself.

—Dora Harvey, Vienna, 1933

Artur Schnabel—"upheld . . . the cause of personal responsibility."

Sonata form is particularly suitable for such cosmic themes. Approximately ninety per cent of Beethoven's music employs it. Although this Renaissance conception of *humanitas* is present in the earlier sonatas, it exists in progressively intensified form from Opus 81a (*Les Adieux*) through Opus 111, for Beethoven resolves the resultant musical conflict with an increasingly subtle command of what Donald Tovey referred to as "long-range tonality."

With the idea, therefore, that Beethoven's esthetic embraces, musically, a total conception of man, it is reasonable that his music should require from an honest, sensitive interpreter a total commitment of being. Artur Schnabel, alone, of all the pianists of this century, combined the means and will to make the necessary commitment—a point of view strengthened by discussions with Adele Marcus (who knew him well and to whom I am indebted for many favors relative to this investigation).

The strength of that commitment manifested itself in every aspect of his life. He was concerned as a teacher that his pupils concentrate, not on the mechanical aspects of piano playing, but rather that they develop experimental curiosity to discover the manifold ways in which strong fingers or rapid octaves might assist the liberation of a musical conception. His edition of the Beethoven Sonatas is useful, not for the solutions it provides to problems of fingering, tempi, or dynamics, but because it suggests the attitude of ceaseless and exhaustive inquiry necessary to any meaningful projection.

Listening to Schnabel's performances, one is aware that his fingers had generally lost their maximum dependability in these works. In the third movement of the F-major Sonata, Opus 10, No. 6, the hands do not play together, the passagework is jerky, the rhythm unsteady. The first movement of the D-major Sonata, Opus 10, No. 3 is rushed and notes are swallowed. Similar technical lapses occur in the first movement of the *Waldstein* Sonata and in the corner movements of the *Appassionatta*—all of which damage Schnabel's repose and rhythmical security. The late sonatas, notably Opus 106 and Opus 111, suffer not only from limitations of finger control, but from a deficiency of strength and endurance.

Nevertheless, Schnabel's performanances of these sonatas remain, perhaps, the most vital recorded testament to his art. First, they offer many examples of superlative artistry: the Adagio and Scherzo of the C-major Sonata, Opus 2, No. 3; the first two movements of the E-flat Sonata, Opus 27, No. 1; the sublime slow movement of the G-major Sonata, Opus 31, No. 1. We witness in these and other sections of the sonatas a pianism unmarred by any obtrusive characteristic, a sense of proportion so acute, with respect to tone quality, rhythm and dynamics, that the listener is aware only of the music. Second, from the completely random pattern of his technical lapses, we gain insight into the marvelous improvisatory nature of his performances.

But beyond these considerations is the knowledge that with these performances his commitment achieves its fullest expression—the hallmark that eclipses his most sure-fingered competition. This very characteristic makes the release of this album the recommencing of a dialogue between Schnabel and a listening audience irrespective of generation. For some time to come Artur Schnabel's generation will remain the present.

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Haydn Quake, Second Tremor

By RICHARD FREED

ABOUT three years ago we had occasion to comment in these pages on the depletion of the Haydn symphony discography ("Score Sheet on Haydn," *SR*, February 25, 1961). After the Haydn eruption of the early Fifties, it had seemed but a matter of time until every one of the symphonies could be had on records, but by 1961 the number of them listed in the *Schwann Catalog* had dwindled from a promising high of sixty-eight to a disappointing low of thirty-one, with, as we noted then, "some of the big ones . . . among the missing."

Now there has been a second Haydn "eruption," not only of greater dimensions than the earlier one quantitatively, but also far more exciting in terms of musical quality. Within the last few months we have welcomed a polished album of the entire set of six "Paris" symphonies (Nos. 82-87) by Ansermet on London; the six so-called *Sturm und Drang* symphonies (Nos. 44-49) by Janigro on Vanguard [see page 50]; the disc debut of David Blum and his Esterhazy Orchestra in Nos. 52 and 60 on the same label; and Nos. 89 and 90 (the latter an LP première) by László Somogyi on Westminster.

Still, the full proportions of this resurgence are barely hinted at in Schwann, which now lists a total of forty Haydn symphonies; there are almost that many more available now on labels either missing from the catalog or not fully represented. Among the thirty-nine symphonies performed by the late Max Goberman and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra on the Library of Recorded Masterpieces label, the twenty-nine by various conductors recently reissued on Haydn Society, and the eight on Vanguard mentioned above, there are thirty-eight titles *not* represented in Schwann. And Goberman recorded another five symphonies, not yet scheduled for release by LRM, which will add four more numbers to the list, for a total of *eighty-two!*

Both the new Goberman series and the Haydn Society reissues earn high marks for "contemporary Haydn scholarship," for both were prepared with the participation of H. C. Robbins Landon. Since Robbins Landon's research has continued on, some of the Goberman recordings of symphonies recorded more than a decade earlier by Haydn Society reflect still further corrections in the scores. Reproductions of the scores, by the way, are packaged with all the LRM discs.

Goberman's performances show that he spent more time in rehearsal with the ubiquitous Vienna State Opera Orchestra than many other conductors who have recorded with it. The sound captured by LRM is also outstanding, in both the mono and stereo editions. Goberman had planned to record not only all one hundred and six of the symphonies but Haydn's operas as well. The forty-four symphonies he completed include not only early and obscure works but also superior versions of the *Oxford*, the *Miracle*, and the great No. 98 in B flat. One of the two symphonies added by Robbins Landon to the conventional numbering of 104 is among the five awaiting transfer from tape to disc.

The *Matin-Midi-Soir* trilogy (Nos. 6-8), *Der Philosoph* (No. 22) and the glorious *Maria Theresia* (No. 48), all outstanding on LRM, are also represented among the Haydn Society reissues. Jonathan Sternberg's *Philosoph* is especially persuasive, but these recordings do show their age now. Mogens Wöldike's disc of Nos. 43 and 50, recorded in Copenhagen instead of Vienna and somewhat later than the other symphonies on HS, qualifies as first rate on all counts, even its 1951 sound.

Other unduplicated material on the Haydn Society label includes the Symphony No. 28 in A, with a slow movement uniquely beautiful, even in so extraordinary a sequence; No. 31 in D (the *Horn Signal*); No. 38, one of the festive C-major works; and No. 39 in G minor, foreshadowing Mozart's masterpiece in the same key.

In addition to undertaking all the Haydn symphonies, Goberman also recorded *The Beggar's Opera* and the *Brandenburg Concertos* on LRM, and embarked on ambitious projects of "complete" Vivaldi and Corelli. Although more than forty records have been issued on the Library of Recorded Masterpieces label, none of them can be found in the *Schwann Catalog*. Presumably the reason is that LRM sells them by direct subscription and does not offer them generally in stores, but the same might be said of the Louisville records, which *are* listed.

As reported by the recordings editor last spring, rights to the LRM Haydn recordings were acquired by Deutsche Grammophon for its Archive series shortly before Goberman died. So far, however, this agreement has not been activated, and indications are that the plan has been shelved. At the moment, then, Goberman's Haydn continues to be available only from the Library of Recorded Masterpieces, 150 West 82nd Street, New York City. Prices, which include the scores, are the same for mono and stereo discs: $8.50 each on the subscription plan or $10 singly.

The Haydn Society label, actually revived more than two years ago, made its reappearance in the *Schwann Catalog* only this month. Curiously, not all the reissued discs are listed, however, and among those omitted are thirteen of the fourteen records of Haydn symphonies. Up to now, the only outlet for these reissues in any major city has been The Record Hunter, 507 Fifth Avenue, in Manhattan, which also sells the non-Haydn LRMs. Whether the listing in Schwann actually presages a more general distribution remains to be seen.

The Vanguard omissions must be regarded a simple oversight on the part of the cataloguers, for all four discs were issued last fall. The Blum was reviewed in *SR*, November 30, the Janigro in this issue.

Among the twenty-four Haydn symphonies *not* on LP or about to be released now, one notes several which have been offered at some time in the past. The great No. 77 in B flat is one of these, also the jolly No. 73 in D (*La Chasse*), the ingratiating No. 67 in F, and the splendid Nos. 53 (*Imperial*) and 61, both in D. Prospects for new recordings of these now look brighter than ever.

CURRENT HAYDN SYMPHONIES NOT LISTED IN SCHWANN

NOTE: ***The orchestra in all the Goberman recordings is that of the Vienna State Opera, abbreviated in the Haydn Society entries as VStOp. VSO indicates Vienna Symphony Orchestra. LRM numbers apply to both mono and stereo editions; Vanguard stereo numbers are in italics.***

No. 1 in D. *Goberman* (with Nos. 17 & 57), LRM HS-13; *Sternberg, VSO* (with Nos. 13 & 28), Haydn Soc. HS-9110.

No. 2 in C. *Goberman* (with No. 49 & Parthia in B flat), LRM HS-11.

No. 3 in G. *Goberman* (with No. 96), LRM HS-8.

No. 4 in D. *Goberman* (with No. 48 & Overture to *L'infedeltà delusa*), LRM HS-10.*

No. 5 in A. *Goberman* (with No. 34 & Overture to *Acide e Galatea*), LRM HS-18.*

No. 6 in D ("Le Matin"). *Goberman* (with No. 51), LRM HS-2; *Litschauer, Vienna Chamber Orch.* (with No. 21), Haydn Soc. HS-9120.

No. 7 in C ("Le Midi"). *Goberman* (with

(*Continued on page* 57)

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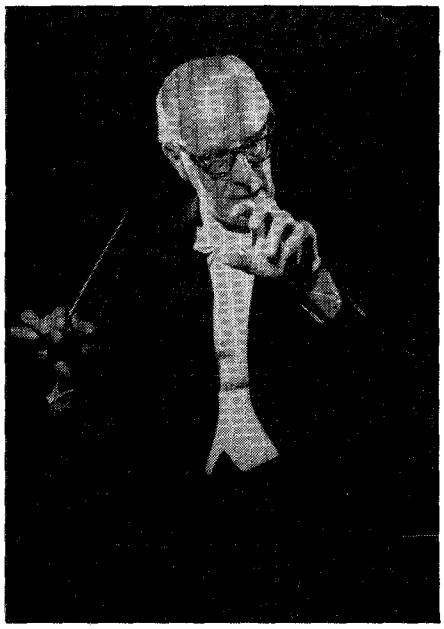
Recordings in Review



Eugen Jochum—"very much an activist where Mahler is concerned."

Another *Lied* from Amsterdam

MAHLER: *Das Lied von der Erde. Eugen Jochum conducting the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra with Nan Merriman, mezzo soprano, and Ernst Häfliger, tenor.* Deutsche Grammophon 18 865, $5.98; stereo 138 865, $6.98.

It is rare indeed that two soloists and an orchestra are brought together a second time to record a work of this magnitude—unless it is to replace a performance of celebrated quality in collaboration with the same conductor. That is not quite the case, for the prior version of *Das Lied*, in which the Concertgebouw Orchestra collaborated with Merriman and Häfliger, was directed by the late Eduard van Beinum, for Epic. Compliments, then, to Deutsche Grammophon for reuniting those companionable elements, this time with Eugen Jochum.

Much of the difference, and what I would also consider improvement over the previous performance, is directly attributable to this alteration of personnel. Van Beinum's feeling for this music was deeply personal—as it was for most things that he chose to record—and it sometimes led him into by-paths of emotion and digressions of sentiment. Jochum, on the other hand, is very much an activist where Mahler is concerned; determined to make his texture as luminous as possible, and, thanks to his meticulous sense of detail, succeeding more often than not. His partiality for bright tempi enables him to cover the first five settings on side one (which runs 31 minutes), with the whole of side two available for "Der Abschied."

Luminous, too, is the vocal quality of Miss Merriman, who has added to her recent Dorabella in *Così* another radiant example of vocal poise, control, and appropriate texture. Indeed, in companionship with Jochum, she achieves a performance of the "Farewell" which is for simplicity of expression and depth of emotion, the best since Ferrier's with Bruno Walter. I would like to hear more distinction in the enunciation of the German text, but Miss Merriman leaves no doubt that she knows and savors the meaning of every word, even if it isn't always ideally audible.

For his part, Häfliger has traded some of his vocal freshness at the time of the van Beinum recording for a degree of technical resource he did not then possess. Interpretatively, too, he has benefited from the experience of singing this work since the prior recording. The more animated tempi of Jochum are also to his advantage, resulting in performances of the "Trinklied, "Von der Jugend," and "Der Trunkene im Frühling" as good as any other tenor's of our time. As in his recent *Così*, it is Jochum's achievement not merely to strive for a certain kind of vocal-instrumental relationship, but to make it audible from the disk. This means either he is a close student of the technique of such matters, or he cooperates willingly with those who are. It is rare, indeed, to hear the low bassoon that Mahler uses midway in "Der Trunkene im Frühling" as clearly as it emerges here or all the values of the individual instrumental colors, from "Die Vögel hocken still in ihren Zweigen," to the end of the "Abschied," so evenly balanced. For these, and the specific mechanical virtues as well, this is the preferred version of *Das Lied* now available.

Janigro with Orchestra

HAYDN: *Symphonies No. 44 ("Trauersymphonie") and No. 45 ("Farewell"), No. 46 (in B) and No. 47 (G major), No. 48 ("Maria Theresia") and No. 49 ("La Passione"). Antonio Janigro conducting the Symphony Orchestra of Radio Zagreb.* Vanguard VRS 1106-8, $4.98 each; stereo 2145-7, $5.95 each.

Antonio Janigro's experience as director of the Solisti di Zagreb has prepared him well for this expansion of activity to include the orchestra as it was known to Haydn in 1771-3. Let it be hoped that this experience will, after a few years, prepare him equally well for the broader repertory of the nineteenth century, for the world can well use a conductor of his discrimination, sensitivity, and knowledge.

It is apparent from these performances that Janigro already has some of the specific requisites from which conductors of quality are made. Adding pairs of oboes, horns, clarinets, etc., to the basic string group should pose no grave problem for a musician of Janigro's indoctrination. However, the problems of balance in these six symphonies are trickier than in many seemingly more complex scores of a later period. Janigro sustains the lines of interest without overstating the sonority suitable to the material, or letting it go thin for lack of proper support. A larger-than-usual string group helps achieve this result.

The description of these works as the *Sturm und Drang* symphonies (questioned in some quarters as being less official than, say, Picasso's "Blue Period") has the merit, at least, of making an isolated grouping of one more segment of the total 104. For example, the *Paris* symphonies identify one period; the first and second *Salomon* sets, another.

Janigro's sense of proportion, musical rhetoric, and melodic phraseology makes each in turn a cultivated pleasure—whether it is the relatively familiar *Farewell* (the best I have heard, on or off records), the otherwise unavailable Nos. 46 and 47, or the sonorously beguiling *Maria Theresia*. For those to whom Janigro's name is known, more need not be said; for those to whom it isn't, this is the kind of performance that justifies preservation on records, which automatically distinguishes it from 90 per cent of an average year's production.

Kreisler by Szeryng

KREISLER: *Caprice Viennois, Schön Rosmarin, Liebesleid, Liebesfreud, Recitative and Scherzo, Tempo di Minuetto, Praeludium and Allegro, Chanson Louis XIII and Pavane, Tambourin Chinois, Menuet, Old Refrain, Rondino on a Theme by Beethoven, Allegretto in the Style of Boccherini, Henryk Szeryng, violin, with Charles Reiner, pianist.* Mercury MG 50348, $4.98; stereo SR 90348, $5.98.

This is not only the best sustained violin playing yet to be heard from Henryk Szeryng, but a Kreisler collection ranking with the excellent ones by Elman and Ricci. The quality of the result is a

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tribute not only to Szeryng's unquestioned command of the instrument—evident enough on other occasions—but even more to his strongly personal involvement with the repertory. For whatever reason, it prompts him to a closer, more concentrated attention to each note than has been the case with the Brahms or Tchaikovsky he has recorded.

In this, there is a kinship with the composer's own performance: that ability to impart enough vibrato to every tone in a slow statement—or the outstanding one in a fast sequence—to make it glow with life, so strong a characteristic of Kreisler's art. At the same time, Szeryng does not stoop to mimic his rubato in the Viennese pieces or copy the inflection of Kreisler's phrasing in *Caprice Viennois* or *Tambourin Chinois*. Sometimes, indeed, the phrasing is a little square and unyielding; but the consequence, in combination with the qualities of execution previously noted, is to give each much-played piece an accent and impact of Szeryng's own. It is a special pleasure to hear the less-played ones so distinctively performed—the *Recitative and Scherzo, Tempo di Minuetto,* and *Allegretto in the Style of Boccherini.* Charles Reiner, the pianist, contributes excellent accompaniment.

The Art of Lemnitz

WEBER: *"Und ob die Wolke"* (*"Der Freischütz"*). VERDI: *"Tacea la notte" and "D'Amor sul'ali rosee"* (*"Il Trovatore"*), *"Ritorna vincitor"* (*"Aïda"*). TCHAIKOVSKY: *Duet, Act III* (*"The Sorceress,"*). GLUCK: *"Su e con me vieni" and "Che fiero momento"* (*"Orfeo"*). WAGNER: *"Allmächt'ge Jungfrau"* (*"Tannhäuser"*) *and "Einsam in trüben Tagen"* (*"Lohengrin"*). STRAUSS: *"Nach dem Matteo" and "So wie Sie sind"* (*"Arabella"*). *Tiana Lemnitz, soprano, with Helge Roswänge, tenor* (*Tchaikovsky*), *Margarete Klose, contralto* (*Gluck*), *and Gerhard Hüsch, baritone* (*Strauss*). *All items sung in German.* Rococo Records No. 5203, $4.95, mono only.

—*Courtesy Opera News.*

Tiana Lemnitz (as Eva in *Die Meistersinger*)—"the living link . . . in the chain of Wagner-Strauss sopranos."

Opportunities have not been lacking for those who want to acquaint themselves with the art of Tiana Lemnitz (she is Pamina of Beecham's *Zauberflöte,* Oktavian of a *Rosenkavalier* and Eva of a *Meistersinger* directed by Kempe, as well as participant in a famous *St. Matthew Passion*), but they have hardly been so abundant that an additional one can be ignored. That is especially true when it affords as wide a perspective of her abilities as this collection from Rococo Records of 3244 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario.

One or two of the tracks, particularly "Und ob die Wolke" and the Wagner excerpts, have circulated widely as 78s. Indeed, it was the Weber that originally introduced some listeners to the incredibly airy, suave, and finished Lemnitz voice before the war sealed off Germany from outside contact. But many of the others, including the beautifully sung excerpt from Tchaikovsky's *Charodyeka* with Roswänge, bring into sharper focus the detail and exquisite sensibility of this artist, who certainly is the living link between Lotte Lehmann and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf in the chain of Wagner-Strauss sopranos. More humane in artistry than Schwarzkopf, more accurate in execution than Lehmann, Lemnitz might have attained the world-wide recognition properly hers had she accepted the invitation extended to her by Edward Johnson to come to the Metropolitan in the late Thirties. Even more regrettably, she has spent much of her subsequent career in East Germany; thus, she has not done nearly the amount of recording she would have otherwise.

Much of this is spelled out in an informative brochure by Leo Riemens, Dutch authority on vocal matters. From the Riemens text, one learns some things about Lemnitz that have been hitherto obscure. Though her name might suggest otherwise, she was Alsatian-born, at a time (1897) when her native city of Metz was under German domination. Her father was a military bandmaster and it may be presumed that musical education was a routine aspect of her upbringing. She received her formal education at Hoch's Conservatory in Frankfurt and her essential vocal character was apparent at the beginning of her career, for the role of her debut at Aachen was Eva in *Die Meistersinger.*

On the other hand, much essential information on the orchestras and conductors who participated in these performances is lacking. The source material ranges from poor to good in recorded quality, but the beauty and sense of Lemnitz's performances would be rewarding if the sound were only half so good.

Two by Kubelik

WAGNER: *"Siegfried Idyll," "Lohengrin Prelude," "Die Meistersinger" Overture, Prelude to "Tristan," and the "Liebestod" Rafael Kubelik conducting the Berlin Philharmonic.* Deutsche Grammophon 18 228, $5.95; stereo 138 228, $6.98.

SCHUMAN: *Symphonies Nos. 1 and 4. The same.* Deutsche Grammophon 18 860, $5.95; stereo 138 860, $6.98.

A decade and more ago, when Rafael Kubelik's career in Chicago and then in London coincided with the first flush of LP, it seemed scarcely a month passed without an addition to his catalogue. More than a few were good, but the profusion of records spread their average of quality rather thin. Since he settled down in Munich as Eugen Jochum's successor in charge of the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra, recordings by Kubelik have been relatively rare.

It should be so no longer, for these two samples of diversified repertory suggest that the "settling down" takes in his work as well as his locale, and that the balance of impulse and execution is more nearly equal than it was at some times in the past. From encounters with his live performances here and abroad, as well as through aquaintance with many of the recordings, there was little reason to doubt that Kubelik was a musician of superior impulses and considerable resource. But at that phase of his career, he was inclined to bear down heavily to get the results he considered desirable. It would be extreme to say that he has found a light touch that he didn't previously possess (the Scherzo of the D-minor Schumann is a mite clumsy), but there is real breadth and warmth in his treatment of these two works otherwise, and the kind of affectionate sound one likes to hear in the *Siegfried Idyll.*

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Coming March 14th

SR's Spring Travel Issue

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Chopin: *Les Sylphides.* Delibes: *Sylvia* and *Coppelia* excerpts. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 5908, $4.98; stereo MS 6508, $5.98.	Considering the resources of man (and woman) power at his disposal, Ormandy might have made something more sonorously distinguished of his opportunity with these inviting tunes and their attractive orchestral garb. However, there is very little dance feeling in the *Sylphides* presentation and only nominally more in the Delibes suites. Now and then, as in the finale of *Coppelia,* the Philadelphia Orchestra does something that no other orchestra could, which is literally to dance through a complicated pattern at a breathtaking speed with total unanimity—but there is much more the players could have done, had they been asked. Good sound, but no more outstanding than the performances.
Dawson: Negro Folk Symphony. Leopold Stokowski conducting the American Symphony Orchestra. Decca 10077, $4.98; stereo 71077, $5.98.	The intentions of William Dawson (head of the music department at Tuskegee Institute from 1930) are honorable enough, but he lacks the constructive power to carry through his stated purpose. What results is not a symphony, in the sense of something that grows organically from the materials, but a collection of ideas from folks sources that have been subjected to the superficials of symphonic development but remain essentially as they were. It is unavoidable, in view of the conformations and rhythms of his source matter, that Dvorak's *New World* is repeatedly suggested. But the likenesses eventually go beyond the merely unavoidable, to the kind of allusion that can only be described as inescapable. Stokowski, who performed an earlier version of the work in 1934, stints no effort to achieve maximum effect, and the orchestra plays well.
Fauré: *Pelléas et Mélisande* (suite). Ravel: *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales.* Berlioz: *Damnation de Faust* (Minuet, "Danse des Sylphs," "Rakoczy" March). Charles Munch conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 5923, $4.98; stereo MS 6523, $5.98.	As a durable memento of the soft hand Munch put upon the Philadelphia Orchestra in his last visit, this disk is a choice collection of suitably organized sounds, especially in the Fauré-Ravel sequence. Thus stranded, the sound of the individual Philadelphia players has a thinner, more luminous texture than is customarily the case—the totality, a kind of open weave in which there is air as well as light. Some may find the Ravel less brilliant than it can be made to sound, but this is not necessarily false to the composer's intentions. The musical purpose even gains thereby. However, the Berlioz excerpts, and especially the March, are slightly underdone. The microphoning is excellent for detail and nicely resonant.
Mendelssohn: Symphony in A (*Italian*). Schubert: Symphony No. 5 in B flat. Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Mercury 50356, $4.98; stereo 90356, $5.98.	The *Italian* begins as though Skrowaczewski were determined to make it the quickest musical tour of that country on record, but it moderates its pace considerably as the work progresses. This is particularly welcome in the slow movement which proceeds at the *Andante Con Moto* appropriate to it. A similar disposition pervades the first and last movements of the Schubert, which reduces the first Allegro to a terse 4:48, and disposes of the finale in 5:17. This is hardly to the advantage of a work that is concentrated enough as Schubert left it. The orchestra plays in time and in tune at the pace decreed by its conductor, but the tonal values suffer somewhat. Good reproduction.
Mozart: Concerto in F (K.242). Bach: Concerto in D minor. Robert, Gaby, and Jean Casadesus, pianos; Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Bach: Concerto in F (*in the Italian Taste*). Robert Casadesus, piano. Columbia ML 5895, $4.98; stereo MS 6495, $5.98.	Casadesus plays the role of a devoted father and husband with equanimity and grace in the works by Mozart and Bach for three pianos, but he plays the role of the great artist only in the favorite *Italian* Concerto. Too much of the time in the Mozart F-major and Bach D-minor, the attention of the players is more concerned with meticulous performance of the notes than it is with meaning or significance. This tends to be an occupational hazard in such literature, but one had hoped that three players who spend as much time together as the family Casadesus would find a more flexible, less mechanical solution—like for example, his own in the Bach *Italian,* which is resonantly well played. Ormandy's part of the concertos is more sympathetic to the players than they are to each other.
Paganini: Concerto No. 5 (A minor); *I Palpiti;* Cantabile in D. Franco Gulli, violin; Luciando Rosada conducting the Orchestra da Camera dell' Angelicum with Enrica Gulli Cavallo, piano. Decca 10081, $4.98; stereo 710081, $5.98.	It is asserted in the documentation of this work that Paganini left only a solo part, for which an orchestral setting was provided by Federica Mompellio. It is credibly in the style of the master, up to a point where the composer seems to be anticipating some choice effects of Brahms. It is, for all that, an entertaining experience, brightened considerably by Gulli's expert command of his instrument, and especially of those tricks of bowing and fingering to which Paganini has constant recourse. He plays with a good deal of fervor—to the benefit of the famous variations on "Di tanti palpiti" from Rossini's *Tancredi.* The Cantabile in D, for which Enrica Gulli Cavallo is also the pianist, is hardly worthy of the composer's name.
Rimsky-Korsakov: *Coq d'Or* Suite. Prokofiev: *Love for Three Oranges* Suite. William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony. Capitol Paperback L 9228, $1.98; stereo SL 9228, $2.98.	Reappearance of these excellent performances in Capitol's "Paperback" (a synonym, merely, for "cheap," because the records are otherwise indistinguishable from the originals) series reminds us of the very good work Steinberg can do with such music. It also calls to mind the distinctive contribution the Pittsburgh Symphony has made to recording literature. These interpretations have animation, power, and a degree of brilliance highly complimentary to all involved. However, the running time of half an hour for *two* sides cuts into the "bargain" equation heavily.
Schönberg: Five Pieces for Orchestra, Op. 16. Webern: Five Pieces, Op. 10. Berg: Three Pieces, Op. 6. Antal Dorati conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Mercury 50316, $4.98; stereo 90316, $5.98.	Dorati's treatment of these three sets of pieces (each revealing a facet of the individuality of the trio) is almost too curved and smoothly meshed, tending to diminish some of the tension inherent in their conception. This is especially true of the Schönberg "mood pieces," in which establishment of the mood almost takes precedence over tonal design itself. More of the impact in the idiom is conveyed in the Webern, and Dorati has his greatest success with the Berg. As Halsey Stevens observes in his comments: "The sound of the orchestra is peculiarly Bergian: anyone familiar with *Wozzeck* could never mistake it." It is also more emotionally charged than either of the others, and hence that much more responsive to Dorati's order of ability. The orchestra plays well throughout.
Schumann: Concerto. Lalo: Concerto. Janos Starker, cello; Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Mercury 50347, $4.98; stereo 90347, $5.98.	In such a work as the Schumann, Starker comes closer to the standard of the lamented Emmanuel Feuermann (whose death at forty in 1942 robbed the world of one of its preëminent artists) than anyone now performing. Starker has the same quiet intensity, a tone of comparable sweetness and malleability that responds to his artistry in a limitless variety of ways. We may assume, then, that this performance of the Schumann Concerto (with the expert aid of Skrowaczewski) is one of the great ones. There is less to engage Starker's full range of talents in the Lalo.
Tchaikovsky: *Romeo and Juliet; Francesca da Rimini.* Carlo Maria Giulini conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35980, $4.98; stereo S 35980, $5.98.	The development of Giulini as a conductor with a superb command of the orchestra as well as a style distinctively his own is certainly one of the notable musical happenings of the last half decade. The question is: When are we in America going to benefit from it more than we have up to this time? Here he makes the Philharmonia not only a pliant instrument of his will but an exceptionally well-sounding one. There is, needless to say, not all the churning and frenzy one might hear from Sanderling, but there is fervor enough to satisfy all but the most tonally bloodthirsty, and a challenging clarity of detail that is a stimulus in itself. Like the best singers, Giulini's "line" is always a straight, secure one; and like the best conductors, it is always a singing one. The locale of the recording is not identified but it yields a sumptuously live and spacious sound. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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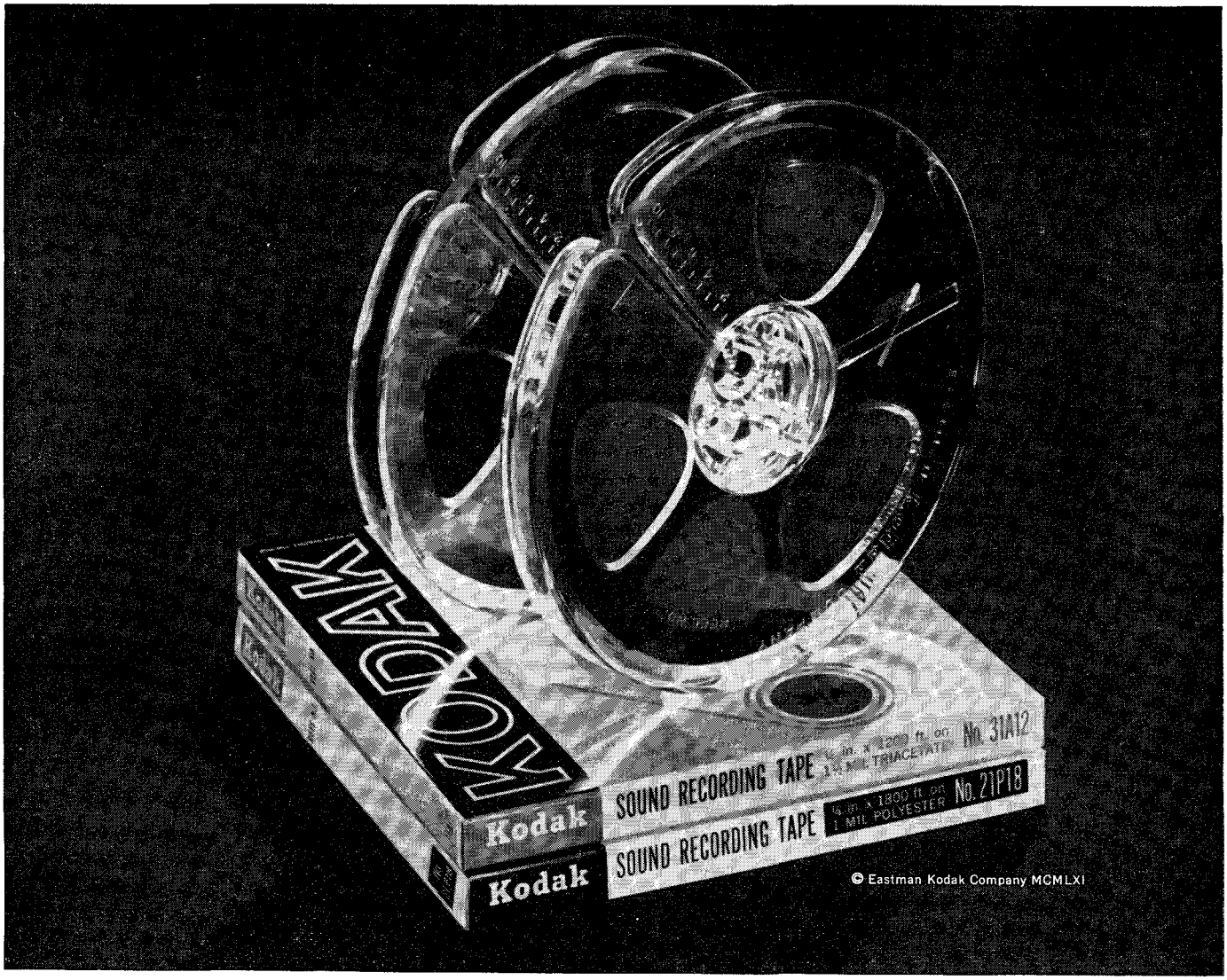

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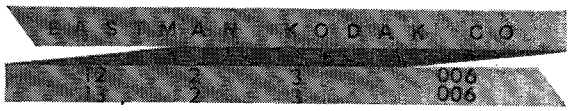

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Berger: Quartet. Lenox String Quartet. Wyner: Concerto Duo. Matthew Raimondi, violin, with Yehudi Wyner, piano. Composers Recordings Inc., CRI 161, $5.95, mono and stereo.	Berger's austerely economical style seems (as of 1958, the date of this work's origin) turned from Stravinsky's way to that of Schönberg. From here, Berger may forge a way of his own, if he has not already done so. Control of the material is exemplary; the pursuit of an organic relationship from one end of a movement to the other is unremitting. However, a little more that is relaxed and less rigorous might wisely be admitted now and then. The quartet plays it expertly. Wyner's work is devoted to more direct communication between creator and listener; it achieves considerable success in the slow movement. Raimondi serves his composer-pianist partner well.
Casadesus: Sonata No. 2. Milhaud: *L'Album de Madame Bovary*. Grant Johannesen, piano. Golden Crest 4060, $4.98; stereo S-4060, $4.98.	No prior issue of Johannesen has conveyed an impression of so much artistic resource as this one. In addition to the qualities of thoroughness, musicianship, and understanding associated with him, performances on these two sides reveal a degree of flexibility and shading that add much to the interest of the music he performs. The Sonata of Casadesus, a product of 1942 dedicated to the present interpreter, is an artful mixture of elements from the composers Casadesus performs best—Debussy and Ravel—with a seasoning of his own that gives a new flavor to the result. Johannesen plays it with an invigorating command of all its values. The pieces derived by Milhaud from music he wrote for the 1934 Jean Renoir film, derived in turn from Flaubert's book, are simple, expressive, and delightfully suggestive of the period atmosphere he was seeking to evoke. The results are excellent in every way.
Chopin: Polonaise-Fantaisie in A flat, Op. 61; Etudes in C and C minor (Op. 10); Ballade in F minor. Debussy: *Pagodes, La Soirée dans Grenade, Jardins sous la Pluie*. Scriabin: Sonata No. 5 in F sharp, Op. 53. Sviatoslav Richter, piano. DGG LPM 18 849, $5.98; stereo SLPM 138 849, $6.98.	The superscription "Rome, Palermo, Venice" suggests a selection from the *Années de Pèlerinage* of Liszt. It is, rather, a further selection from the Italian tour of Richter, and not nearly so representative of his best standard as prior releases on Angel. Wrong notes are in unseemly frequency and the tempi in the *Revolutionary Etude* as well as the F-minor Ballade more than waver: they fluctuate. The Debussy-Scriabin is more consistent in musical and pianistic quality, but one wonders whether Richter had a chance to audition this sequence of performances before it was released. The reproduction (complete with applause) is good.
Hindemith: *Kleine Sonate* (I). Stumpf: *Musik*. Kaufmann, A.: Adagio. Biber: Präludium. Ariosti: Menuett. Stamitz: Adagio. Lorenziti: Sonata movement. Toeschi: Menuet. Haydn: Divertimento. Karl Stumpf, viola d'amore, with string ensemble and Eduard Mrazek, piano. Amadeo AVRS 6261, $5.98, mono only.	Aside from the Sonata of the late Hindemith (1929) and the Divertimento of Haydn, there is scant musical substance in the literature selected by Stumpf. Several of the earlier works (Biber, Ariosti, Stamitz) have a fluent melodic pattern that enables the interpreter to display his expert command of the instrument with its sympathetic strings. On the whole, better balance might have been achieved by including one or another of the Italian works with viola d'amore solo parts that have been heard in recent years from specialists in antiquarian matters. Thus, this is a disk that can be commended for the interpreter's skills, but not for much more. The Hindemith, incidentally, is not among his more consequential pieces.
Poulenc: Stabat Mater; *Four Motets for a Time of Penitence*. Georges Prêtre conducting the René Duclos Chorus and the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra, with Régine Crespin, soprano. Angel 36121, $4.98; stereo S 36121, $5.98.	The Stabat Mater of 1949 is an engrossing example of Poulenc's trend to works of religious character to which he devoted himself in the latter years of his life, halfway between the *Motets* (of 1939)—one of the first—and the still unrecorded *Leçons de Tenebrae,* the last (1962). It is a work of many beauties, if not yet so strongly shaped to expressive purpose as the later Gloria. Prêtre's performance is thoroughly idiomatic, but it strikes me that Crespin's voice is somewhat heavier than the piece calls for. The Motets are gravely eloquent vignettes, irreproachably performed by the Chorus of René Duclos.
Rameau: Excerpts from *Dardanus* (Acts II and III); *Castor and Pollux* (Minuet from the Prologue, Aria, Act IV); *Hippolyte et Aricie* ("Air of the Nightingale" and "O disgrâce cruelle"); *Les Indes Galantes* ("Bright torch of the world"); *Les Fêtes d'Hébé* ("Let us hasten to the banks of the Seine"); *Acanthe et Céphise* (Entr'acte); and *Platée* (from the prologue). Nadia Boulanger conducting a vocal and instrumental ensemble. Decca DCM 3211, $5.98, mono only.	Whatever function this reissue may serve in the series titled *The Chronicle of Music,* its reappearance calls for a recommendation to those who may have missed it previously. The voices vary from fair to good, but the material is full of rewards, for which Mme. Boulanger is a constant, effective crusader. Of special interest is the impassioned introduction to Act II of *Dardanus,* which found an echo a half century or so later in Gluck's music for the furies in *Orfeo;* and the spirited dance music, with its fanciful instrumentation, which had an even more lasting influence on French ballet composition (even unto *Sylvia*). There are many more delights to be encountered, to all of which Mme. Boulanger provides an enlivening insight. The recording is not de luxe in any sense, but good enough for pleasurable purposes.
Reger: Introduction, Variations and Fugue on an Original Theme (Op. 73); Toccata and Fugue in A minor (Op. 80); *Melodia* (Op. 29) and Benedictus (Op. 59). Robert Noehren, organist. Lyrichord 121, $4.98; stereo 7121, $4.98.	Noehren is an accomplished technician and a musician of considerable attainments, but he either is not at home with the kind of complexity in the long work of this disk, or does not convey it to me as a listener. Of course, it is possible that I am looking for more in Reger than is actually there, or what is there does not justify expectations aroused by all the complexities. The shorter pieces improve proportionately to their brevity, with the simple *Melodia* and Benedictus in total balance between means and expression. Two Danish organs are described on the sleeve, but I cannot find an indication of which music is played on the Probenius instrument in the Cathedral at Aarhus, which is on the Marcussen of St. Paul's Church in the same town. Good reproduction, when the mikes are not overloaded.
Telemann: Suite Concertante in G minor; Concertos in D, E, and G. Kurt Redel conducting the Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra of Munich. Westminster WST 19042, $4.98; stereo 17042, $4.98.	The more that is heard of Telemann's music, the more gratifying his sense of what makes music interesting— a broad range of melodic invention, a lively rhythmic impulse, and a full command of the refinements of instrumentation and counterpoint available to him at the time he was writing (1681-1767). In this it combines qualities more familiar from their prominence in Handel and Bach, forming a kind of bridge or link between their instrumental techniques. All of the material is ingratiating; in the Concerto in D (with the flute part beautifully performed by Kurt Redel) and the Concerto in E (for flute, oboe d'amore, viola d'amore, and strings) it is of distinctly appealing individuality. Josef Steinhausler and Georg Retyi are the string soloists, and Wilhelm Grimm is the oboe d'amore specialist.
Vivaldi: Concerti in D (Fanno No. 10, 133, and 162), Concerto in A (F. No. 141). Nathan Milstein, violin and conductor, with a chamber ensemble. Angel 36004, $4.98; stereo S 36004, $5.98.	Nathan Milstein has earned the right to be his own conductor in music of this intimacy, but it may be questioned whether he is wise to so indulge. Lacking an intermediary between himself and a largely string ensemble, he tends to produce an automatic up and down of dynamics, depending on whether he is playing or not, especially in the fast movements. The slow movements have a little more contour —in most instances the solo voice is singing a lyric line over a background of accompaniment—but in such a movement as the finale of F. No. 133, the contrapuntal interplay tends to be underplayed. This, incidentally, is the most distinctive work of the four, with a pattern of crossing strings that might have been in Bach's mind when he wrote the E-major Partita for unaccompanied violin. Milstein's performances tend to be faster and flashier than the music's style would suggest. Also four concerti for a single solo instrument (three in the same key!) make for a self-negating sequence. —I.K.

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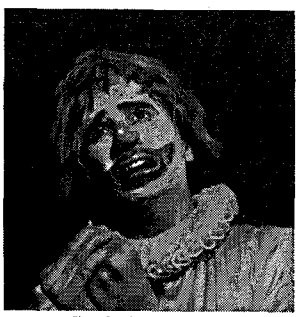
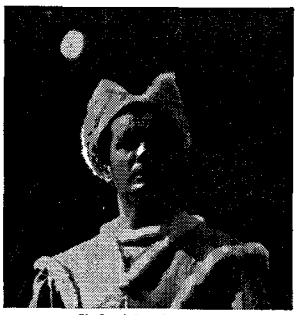
as Julius Caesar



as Canio in *I Pagliacci*



as Calaf in *Turandot*

as Don José in *Carmen*

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: Stage and Screen

TITLES, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Jennie: Music and Lyrics by Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz. Mary Martin, George Wallace, Jack De Lon, Ethel Shutta, Robin Bailey, and other members of the original Broadway cast, with John Lesko conducting. Victor LOC 1083 ($4.98); Stereo LSO 1083 ($5.98).	There is a certain old-fashioned charm about this latest Schwartz-Dietz score, a certain comfort in its pleasant, predictable, and generally innocuous songs. Mary Martin, as advertised, is simply enchanting, the glow of her personality pervading the entire album (she does, in fact, appear in ten of the fourteen vocal numbers). Due credit must also be given to the able supporting cast. But of musical substance there is little, and of real originality even less. *Jennie,* for all her agreeable traits, is hardly a lady to remember.
Ballad for Bimshire: Music and Lyrics by Irving Burgie. Frederick O'Neal, Christine Spencer, Jimmy Randolph, Ossie Davis, Joe Callaway, Alyce Webb, Clebert Ford, and other members of the original Broadway cast; narration by Ossie Davis. Music Direction by Sammy Benskin. London AM 48002, ($4.98); Stereo AMS 78002 ($5.98).	Irving Burgie—who as "Lord Burgess" has composed such attractive pieces of West Indian lore as *Jamaica Farewell* and *I Do Adore Her*—wrote words, music, and part of the book for *Ballad for Bimshire,* thereby bringing (to complete the alliteration) a bit of Barbados to Broadway. It certainly is a fresh and entertaining venture, ringing with local color of the Islands and surging with vitality. There are, unfortunately, some long, dull stretches (no doubt enlivened on stage with dancing and various visual effects); also, some highly reminiscent songs (one starts me humming "Cool Water" every time!). On the other hand, when the music catches fire, *Bimshire* blazes with intensity. There are some vibrant folk-style ballads, a delicious paean to a chicken dinner, and a couple of romantic tunes that would do credit to any composer in the business. The members of the sizeable cast do well by their material, all of which adds up, in large measure, to refreshingly unhackneyed theatre.
110 In The Shade: Music and Lyrics by Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones. Inga Swenson, Stephen Douglass, Robert Horton, Will Geer, Steve Roland, Scooter Teague, George Church, Lesley Warren, and other members of the original Broadway cast, with Donald Pippin conducting. Victor LOC 1085 ($4.98); Stereo LSO 1085 ($5:98).	Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones, whose *Fantasticks* is apparently going to run forever, make their *on*-Broadway bow with a musical of charm and distinction. The score is a bit corny in spots and a bit contrived in others, but it has geniality and the sort of folksy sincerity we associate with, say, *Paint Your Wagon* or even *Porgy and Bess*. We can feel the summer heat oozing out of a Western town in the opening number; tunes like "Poker Polka" and "Little Red Hat" are laden with homespun humor; and in "The Rain Song," all the animation of a country revival meeting springs to the stage. Inga Swenson is first-rate as the lady in the case, Robert Horton and Stephen Douglass ditto as her two paramours, and Will Geer, Scooter Teague, and Lesley Warren sparkle in supporting roles.
The Girl Who Came to Supper: Music and Lyrics by Noël Coward. José Ferrer, Florence Henderson, Tessie O'Shea, Sean Scully, Roderick Cook, and other members of the original Broadway cast, with Jay Blackton conducting. Columbia KOL 6020 ($5.98); Stereo KOS 2420 ($6.98).	Florence Henderson and Tessie O'Shea not only come to Noël Coward's musical supper, they make the meal worthwhile. Miss Henderson, as a brash young American chorus girl, brings immense verve and style to her performances, and when she takes on half a dozen simultaneous roles in a capsulized version of her supposed stage vehicle (a minor epic called "The Coconut Girl"), she reveals herself as a gifted comedienne as well. Tessie O'Shea, on the other hand, is London personified; in her incomparable ten-minute turn, she saunters with magical ebullience and warmth through a marvelous quartet of cockney and music-hall tunes. Mr. Coward, too, is in top form for these two segments: his music is lively, clever, and ingratiating. Elsewhere, sad to say, the picture is far less encouraging. José Ferrer seems uncomfortable and stilted in his starring role as predatory Prince Regent—as well he might be with the unconvincing songs Mr. Coward has given him to sing—and even Miss Henderson can do only so much with some of the other lacklustre melodies. In sum, *The Girl Who Came to Supper* is delectable for a couple of courses, but pretty routine company the rest of the way.
A Kurt Weill Cabaret: Martha Schlamme and Will Holt, with Musical Direction by Abraham Stokman. Songs include "Mack the Knife," "Tango Ballade," "Mandalay Song," "Surabaya Johnny," "Bilbao Song," and others. MGM E 4180 OC ($5.95); Stereo SE 4180 OC ($6.95).	Martha Schlamme and Will Holt have earned their greatest measure of fame as folk singers, but both have long been addicted to the practice of including Kurt Weill songs in their concert programs. Thus, they began their off-Broadway stand in *A Kurt Weill Cabaret* with an overflowing reserve of compassion and understanding for his very special music. Most of the songs here are from Weill's European notebooks (the American entries are limited to "The Saga of Jenny," "September Song," and "Lost in the Stars"), and most have a mocking, bitter intensity eloquently captured by the performers. Singing sometimes with effective English translations, more often in the original German (with, however, spoken English introductions on the disc), Miss Schlamme and Mr. Holt give us a potent and meaningful insight into the musical essence of a remarkable composer.
Charade: Music from the film score, composed and conducted by Henry Mancini. Victor LPM 2755 ($3.98); Stereo LSP 2755 ($4.98).	Music is not one of the puzzling elements in the comedy-thriller *Charade*: with his customary flair, Henry Mancini has fashioned a pert, sometimes sparkling assortment of tonal odds and ends. His title tune is no "Moon River," but still it has a certain picturesque charm (fortunate, considering that it pops up three times during the course of the disc). In other parts of the score, plentiful splashes of Gallic temperament clearly proclaim France as the cinematic scene: there is a cozy portrait of a moonlight ride on a Seine river boat, a winkling snowscape for the mountain resort of Mégève, a couple of rowdy nightclub dances and—for Cary Grant's on-screen, in-clothes shower—"The Drip-Dry Waltz."
The Cardinal: Music from the orginal film soundtrack, composed and conducted by Jerome Moross. Vocals by Robert Morse and Wilma Lipp. Victor LOC 1084 ($4.98); Stereo LSO 1084 ($5.98).	It is almost misleading to refer to Jerome Moross's score for *The Cardinal* in the singular, because this remarkably versatile composer has actually created several, totally dissimilar tonal segments. There is music for the central figure: noble, symphonic, vaguely inspirational. There are attractive, more lighthearted miniatures: impressions of a small town in New England, and another in the deep South. There is an exquisitely scored waltz scene, glowing with the *Weltschmerz* of Vienna a generation ago. There are cheerily raucous tango and Dixieland tunes of the American '20s. There is even a mildly indecorous vaudevillian number sung by Robert Morse (late of *How to Succeed*). Motley though these musical offerings be, Moross has imbued them all with imagination and fresh, melodic invention. *The Cardinal* thus emerges as one of the very best soundtrack albums of the season. Bravo also for George Simon's concise liner notes that allow the listener to place each scene in cinematic sequence: this is a model other soundtrack discs would do well to emulate.
The Victors: Music from the original film soundtrack, composed and conducted by Sol Kaplan. Vocal by Frank Sinatra. Colpix CP 516 ($4.98); Stereo SCP 516 ($5.98).	*The Victors* presents the paradox of a superb background score and a less-than-superb soundtrack album. In the theatre, Sol Kaplan's music is a vital component of the unreeling film story. It serves far less as "background" than as a satiric commentary, a sharp underscoring of the central message: that war brutalizes the victors along with the vanquished. Divorced from the visual element, though —and without even the saving grace of explanatory liner notes—the score loses much of this fiercely ironic impact. What is banal for a purpose in the film, seems merely banal on the record. Even granted this built-in drawback, there is still much to admire in the album. Kaplan is a first-rate craftsman, and several of his vivid portraits in sound stand quite effectively on their own musical feet. —Robert Sherman.

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Haydn

Continued from page 49

No. 8), LRM HS-3; *Litschauer, Vienna Chamber Orch.* (with No. 8), Haydn Soc. HS-9117.

No. 8 in G ("Le Soir"). *Goberman* (with No. 7), LRM HS-3; *Litschauer, Vienna Chamber Orch.* (with No. 7), Haydn Soc. HS-9117.

No. 9 in C. *Goberman* (with Nos. 35 & 65), LRM HS-15.*

No. 10 in D. *Goberman* (with No. 92), LRM HS-17*.

†No. 12 in E. *Goberman* (with No. 56), LRM HS-5.

No. 13 in D ("Jupiter"). *Goberman* (with No. 40), LRM HS-6; *Sternberg, VSO* with Nos. 1 & 28), Haydn Soc. HS-9110.

No. 14 in A. *Goberman* (with No. 60), LRM HS-4.

No. 15 in D. *Goberman* (with No. 55), LRM HS-12.

No. 16 in B flat. *Goberman* (with Nos. 19 & 52), LRM HS-16.*

No. 17 in F. *Goberman* (with Nos. 1 & 57), LRM HS-13.

No. 19 in D. *Goberman* (with Nos. 16 & 52), LRM HS-16.*

No. 21 in A. *Goberman* (with No. 23), LRM HS-9; *Litschauer, Vienna Chamber Orch.* (with No. 6), Haydn Soc. HS-9120.

No. 22 in E flat ("Der Philosoph"). *Goberman* (with No. 98), LRM HS-1; *Sternberg, VSO* (with No. 35), Haydn Soc. HS-9114.

†No. 23 in G. *Goberman* (with No. 21), LRM HS-9.

No. 24 in D. *Goberman* (with No. 41), LRM HS-7.

No. 26 in D minor ("Lamentation" or "Christmas"), *Goberman* (with No. 32 & Overture to *Lo speziale*), LRM HS-14*; *Heiller, Vienna Chamber Orch.* (with No. 36), Haydn Soc. HS-9119.

No. 28 in A. *Sternberg, VSO* (with Nos. 1 & 13), Haydn Soc. HS-9110.

No. 31 in D ("Horn-Signal"). *Sternberg, VSO* (with No. 34), Haydn Soc. HS-9111.

No. 32 in C. *Goberman* (with No. 26 & Overture to *Lo speziale*), LRM HS-14.*

No. 34 in D minor. *Goberman* (with No. 5 & Overture to *Acide e Galatea*), LRM HS-18*; *Sternberg, VSO* (with No. 31), Haydn Soc. HS-9111.

No. 35 in B flat. *Goberman* (with Nos. 9 & 65), LRM HS-15*; *Sternberg, VSO* (with No. 22), Haydn Soc. HS-9114.

No. 36 in E flat. *Heiller, Vienna Chamber Orch.* (with No. 26), Haydn Soc. HS-9119.

No. 38 in C. *Sternberg, VSO* (with No. 39), Haydn Soc. HS-9115.

No. 39 in G minor. *Sternberg, VSO* (with No. 38), Haydn Soc. HS-9115.

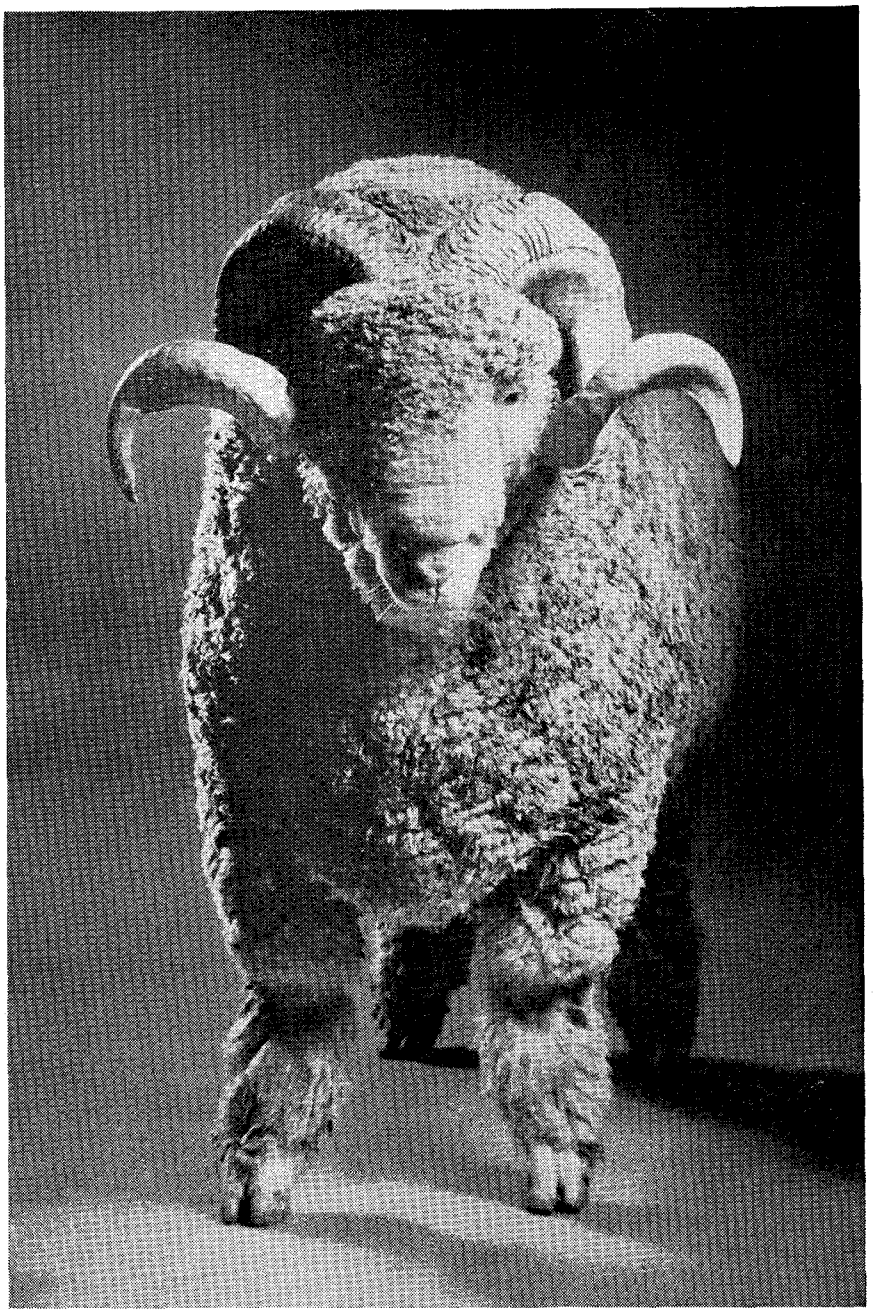
No. 40 in F. *Goberman* (with No. 13), LRM HS-6.

No. 41 in C. *Goberman* (with No. 24), LRM HS-7.

No. 42 in D. *Litschauer, Vienna Chamber Orch.* (with No. 47), Haydn Soc. HS-9121.

†No. 44 in E minor ("Trauersymphonie"). *Sternberg, VSO* (with No. 48), Haydn Soc. HS-9112; *Janigro, Zagreb Radio*

(*Continued on page 59*)



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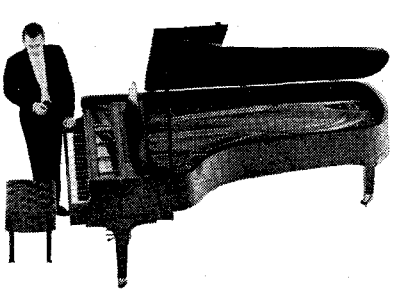

Official Piano and Organ, New York World's Fair, 1964-65.

Baldwin

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THE OTHER SIDE

Britten, Beatles, Berg

LONDON.

THERE was no White Christmas for Londoners this winter—we had more than our share a year ago—but, as usual, the so-called festive season places those of us who take more than a passing interest in music on a starvation diet, so that others may gorge themselves on the musical equivalents of turkey and plum pudding. Still, December did at least provide one truly memorable evening when Britten conducted his *War Requiem* at the Festival Hall. Many of us had wondered how this work, with its contrasting planes of sound, would fare in these notoriously "clinical" acoustics; but such misgivings proved to be groundless, for this was possibly the finest and most impressive account yet heard of the *Requiem*. And no other work written within memory has evoked so profound a response from so vast an audience.

With this in mind, it will be fascinating to see what kind of reception awaits *Billy Budd*, which is about to be revived at Covent Garden this month. When it was first produced, some twelve years ago, the opera scored no more than a *succès d'estime;* it was much admired in some circles but did not establish itself with the public at large, as *Peter Grimes* had done several years earlier. At any rate, Georg Solti, who will conduct the revival, is firmly convinced that *Billy Budd* is one of Britten's finest scores, and he seems confident that the public is now ready to endorse this view.

Meanwhile, at the Royal Opera House, there is a special air of expectancy for, any moment now, Maria Callas is due to arrive in order to rehearse for the new production of *Tosca*. London has never before seen the diva in a Puccini role and, to underline the significance of the occasion, the original sets of 1900 will at last be replaced and Franco Zefirelli is in charge of the new production. Needless to say, all the scheduled performances were instantly sold out, in spite of exceedingly high prices; no doubt many a silent prayer is being offered around Bow Street at present that all may go as planned.

On the record front, things are traditionally rather quiet immediately after Christmas—metaphorically speaking, at any rate, for in reality it is barely possible of late to escape from the raucous din created by the Beatles, a quartet of strangely attired young men from Liverpool whose phenomenal popularity with Britain's teen-age female population must have delighted EMI's stockholders, while parents vainly protest at so violent an assault upon their sensibilities. Small wonder, therefore, that the group's January releases will not reach us until the middle of the month and that it will be a somewhat meager supplement, devoid of major projects.

Since my last report, I have so far heard only two new EMI discs—a strange pair by any standard. The first is an important and welcome Berg coupling featuring two of the composer's most important nonvocal works: the Violin Concerto and the Chamber Concerto for Piano, Violin, and Wind Instruments. With Christian Ferras and Pierre Barbizet as soloists, and Georges Prêtre conducting the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra and an unidentified wind ensemble (presumably drawn from the same orchestra), these are exceedingly accomplished and finely recorded performances of strikingly contrasted compositions—the one a joyous tribute to Schönberg on his fiftieth birthday, the other a moving and beautiful expression of personal grief.

My second EMI disc is the eagerly awaited recording of the new Flanders-Swann "farrago," *At the Drop of Another Hat*. Is it as good as its predecessor, which so delighted audiences on both sides of the Atlantic a few years ago? Not quite, perhaps, though it is only fair to point out that some of the show's most original numbers, those inimitable "animal songs," do not appear on the new disc since they were previously featured in *The Bestiary of Flanders and Swann*. The intervening years have also seen revues becoming much more sharply satirical, so that this team's benevolent view of human foibles now has a certain period charm.

Nevertheless there are some real gems in this collection, notably a brilliant vocal version of the Rondo from Mozart's Fourth Horn Concerto, and a hilarious number about de Gaulle to the tune of "This Old Man" ("Cognac, Armagnac, Burgundy and Beaune, /This old man thinks he's St. Joan"). I also enjoyed the charmingly wistful song lamenting the passing of so many quaintly named British railway stations, while Flanders's spoken contributions add greatly to the disc's entertainment value and Swann's sheer musicality is a constant source of pleasure.

From the Decca group, too, there is little this month for discriminating collectors, though Clifford Curzon's Liszt recital—originally announced for November and featuring the B-minor Sonata as well as some shorter pieces—proves to have been well worth waiting for. Ansermet continues his Brahms series with disappointingly pallid performances of the Second Symphony and the *Tragic Overture*, but a miscellany consisting of Ravel's *Bolero* and *La Valse*, Dukas's *Apprenti Sorcier* and Honegger's *Pacific 231* finds the octogenarian Swiss conductor right in his element. Mozart is splendidly served by the London Wind Soloists' penultimate disk of their present series (containing three Divertimenti—K.240, K.252, and the disputed K.196e—plus the Adagio, K.410), but Alfred Prinz's performance of the Clarinet Concerto, with the Vienna Philharmonic under Münchinger, hardly compares with an earlier Decca version by Gervase de Peyer, while the coupling offers the rather humdrum Flute and Harp Concerto.

So far Philips and CBS have not even announced their plans for January, though the former's list will include what promises to be the month's outstanding issue: a two-disk set containing Beethoven's five Sonatas for Piano and Cello, performed by Richter and Rostropovitch. The great Russian cellist, happily recovered from the heart attack that incapacitated him last summer, recently paid a flying visit to London to let us hear once more his highly individual view of the Dvořák Concerto and to give the world premiere of a new Concerto-Rhapsody by Khachaturian.

DGG starts the new year with two disks by the Berlin Philharmonic under Karl Böhm, containing, respectively, Schubert's "Great" C-major Symphony and a Richard Strauss miscellany in anticipation of the composer's centenary (he was born in June, 1864). The Schubert is distinguished by orchestral playing of noble splendor, yet Böhm's pacing of the music is too erratic to carry real conviction—there are many details to relish, but the reading as a whole lacks focus. The Strauss disc offers a fine *Don Juan*, a rather restrained *Till*, a fascinatingly detailed but hardly irresistible account of *Salome's Dance*, plus the rarely heard and depressingly empty and commonplace *Festliches Praeludium*, composed in 1913 to mark the opening of the Vienna Konzerthaus.

Also included in DGG's January list is a Swiss song-cycle, *Lebendig begraben*, settings of Gottfried Keller's poems by Othmar Schöck, most persuasively performed by Fischer-Dieskau (whose wife, the gifted cellist Irmgard Poppen, died in childbirth shortly before Christmas) and the Berlin Radio Symphony under Fritz Rieger, but the remainder is concerned with re-issues of long-standing fare.

—THOMAS HEINTZ.

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Haydn

Continued from page 57

Orch. (with No. 45), Vanguard VRS-1106/*VSD-2145. Sternberg, VSO* (with No. 48) Haydn Soc. HS-9112.

†No. 45 in F sharp minor ("Farewell"). *Janigro Zagreb Radio Orch.* (with No. 44), Vanguard VRS-1106/*VSD-2145.*

†No. 46 in B. *Janigro Zagreb Radio Orch.* (with No. 47), Vanguard VRS-1107/*VSD-2146.*

No. 47 in G. *Litschauer, Vienna Chamber Orch.* (with No. 44), Haydn Soc. HS-9121; *Janigro* (with No. 46), Vanguard VRS-1107/*VSD-2146; Litschauer, Vienna Chamber Orch.* (with No. 42) Haydn Soc. HS 9121.

No. 48 in C ("Maria Theresia"). *Goberman* (with No. 4 & Overture to *L'infedeltà delusa*), LRM HS-10; *Sternberg, VSO* (with No. 44), Haydn Soc. HS-9112; *Janigro* (with No. 49), Vanguard VRS-1108/*VSD-2147.*

†No. 49 in F minor ("La Passione"). *Goberman* (with No. 2 & Parthia in B flat), LRM HS-11; *Janigro* (with No. 48), Vanguard VRS-1108/*VSD-2147.*

No. 51 in B flat. *Goberman* (with No. 6), LRM HS-2.

†No. 52 in C minor. *Goberman* (with Nos. 16 & 19), LRM HS-16*; *Heiller, VStOp* (with No. 56), Haydn Soc. HS-9122; *Blum, Esterhazy Orch.* (with No. 60), Vanguard VRS-1105/*VSD-2143.*

†No. 55 in E flat ("Der Schulmeister"). *Goberman* (with No. 15), LRM HS-12.

No. 56 in C. *Goberman* (with No. 12), LRM HS-5; *Heiller, VSO* (with No. 52), Haydn Soc. HS-9122.

No. 57 in D. *Goberman* (with Nos. 1 & 17), LRM HS-13.

No. 60 in C ("Il Distratto"). *Goberman* (with No. 14), LRM HS-4; *Blum, Esterhazy Orch.* (with No. 52), Vanguard VRS-1105/*VSD-2143.*

No. 65 in A. *Goberman* (with Nos. 9 & 35), LRM HS-15.*

†No. 82 in C ("The Bear"). *Sternberg, VSO* (with No. 85), LRM HS-9113.

†No. 83 in G minor ("The Hen"). *Heiller, Vienna Collegium Musicum* (with No. 84), Haydn Soc. HS-9116.

†No. 84 in E flat. *Heiller, Vienna Collegium Musicum* (with No. 83), Haydn Soc. HS-9116.

†No. 85 in B flat ("La Reine"). *Baltzer, VStOp* (with No. 82), Haydn Soc. HS-9113.

†No. 87 in A. *Swarowsky, VStOp* (with No. 89), Haydn Soc. HS-9118.

†No. 89 in F. *Swarowsky, VStOp* (with No. 87), Haydn Soc. HS-9118.

†No. 92 in G ("Oxford"). *Goberman* (with No. 10), LRM HS-17.*

†No. 96 in D ("The Miracle"). *Goberman* (with No. 3), LRM HS-8.

†No. 98 in B flat. *Goberman* (with No. 22), LRM HS-1.

*LRM Nos. HS-14 through HS-18 will be released during the winter and spring. Symphonies Nos. 11, 20, 27, 37 and "A," also recorded by Goberman, are not yet scheduled for release.

†These symphonies *are* represented in Schwann, in other recordings.

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The Audio Bookshelf

HIGH FIDELITY is a tool for the enjoyment of music. Like any tool, its use can be made easier and more enjoyable through knowledge. Steady perusal of *SR*, or even the specialized publications in the audio field, will bring such knowledge bit by bit, but a good book can serve as an introduction and source of reference.

For the pragmatic, Roy F. Allison's *High Fidelity Systems—A User's Guide* (Acoustic Research, $1.00) gives concise instructions for the connection and use of high fidelity equipment. The reasons behind Mr. Allison's instructions are covered more technically, and with unobtrusive economy, by *Reproduction of Sound* (Acoustic Research, $2.00), a companion volume by AR president and former *SR* contributor, Edgar Villchur. Mr. Villchur's earlier and more comprehensive *Handbook of Sound Reproduction* (Radio Magazines, $6.50), while older, is unlikely to become obsolete.

G. A. Briggs, a speaker manufacturer like Mr. Villchur, brings to his many technical books a very rare quality: charm. Mr. Briggs skips from citations of Pope, Milton, *Macbeth*, and *The Financial Times* to such homely details as a photograph of a mouse-damaged speaker; but the main component of his charm is his use of the warm, well-turned phrase. He refers, for example, to Mr. Villchur as "probably the first man to get a quart of good bass out of a pint pot." Mr. Briggs's publications—with the exception of *A to Z in Audio* (Gernsback, $3.20)—are published by Wharfedale Wireless Works Limited, distributed in this country by Herman Publishing Service. They presently include: *Loudspeakers* ($4.50); *More About Loudspeakers* ($2.50); *Pianos, Pianists and Sonics* ($3.95); *Stereo Handbook* ($2.50); *Audio Biographies* ($4.95); and *Cabinet Handbook* ($1.95).

Herman Burstein, one of the more readable writers in the audio field, is often a good source for information not commonly available in books for the amateur. His books now in print include *Stereo . . . How It Works* (Gernsback, $2.90), a nontechnical guide to a well-rounded knowledge of stereo. *Fundamentals of High Fidelity* (Rider, $2.95) is a primer of the technical aspects of hi-fi. *Elements of Tape Recorder Circuits* (Gernsback, $2.90) is a technical survey of tape recorder electronics accessible to readers with a rudimentary knowledge of the subject.

Norman Crowhurst may be best known for his *Basic Audio* (Rider, 3 vols., $2.90 each), a survey of audio at its most fundamental level, accompanied by what is probably the clearest, most comprehensive and numerous set of illustrations ever to grace an audio book. *Hi-Fi Made Easy* (Gernsback, $2.90) lives up to its title with a breezy but informative text, lightened by many amusing illustrations (for which—as in most of these books—no credits are given). Those with no fear of an occasional equation will find Mr. Crowhurst's *Stereophonic Sound* (Rider, $2.90) of interest, though the author's 1961 revisions left at least one illustration unattended to. *ABC's of Tape Recording* (Same, $1.50) is a short, chatty introduction for the new tape enthusiast, while the more seasoned audiophile will be drawn to *Audio Measurements* (Gernsback, $2.90).

Among other introductory surveys are Hans Fantel's compact and practical *ABC's of Hi-Fi and Stereo* (Sams, $1.95); Donald Carl Hoefler's meaty *Basic Audio Course* (Gernsback, $2.75); and *Introduction to Hi-Fi* (Gernsback, $3.20) by Clement Brown, an Englishman whose references to British equipment or to FM stations at Kirk o' Shotts and Blaen-plwyf should prove more atmospheric than confusing.

Specialized books are plentifully available, particularly for the tape recording enthusiast. In addition to the Burstein and Crowhurst works mentioned above, there are: Arthur Zuckerman's *Magnetic Recording for the Hobbyist* (Sams, $2.50); and *Tape Recorders, How They Work* (Sams, $2.75), by Westcott and Dubbe, a brief history with extended analysis and explanation of magnetic recording theory and equipment. For the tape recordist challenged by problems of live recording, Alec Nisbett's *The Technique of the Sound Studio* (Communication Art Books, Hastings House, $10.00) will provide guidance to the techniques of the recording art; though written around monophonic methods, most of its contents can be easily adapted to stereo by the reader.

While a good many of these and similar publications are available through bookstores, the publications of Rider, Gernsback, Sams, Wharfedale and Acoustic Research are available through most electronic parts stores and distributors, and some high fidelity dealers.

—IVAN BERGER.

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The New Met

(*Continued from page* 47)

it poses 365 days a year for those who have to live with its limitations and function in spite of its shortcomings. There are squads of editorial writers with typewriters poised to indict the "vandalism" of demolishing the old house once it becomes inevitable, or to mourn the demise of this "priceless heirloom" even though a carelessly dropped cigarette could do it any night. It is, perhaps, of no real importance to those who believe the old Met should be preserved that the land on which it stands represents one item on the slender list of tangibles—other than good will—possessed by the institution, that a contract is in being covering the construction of an office building on the site, which will provide the institution with $200,000 a year beginning in 1966—the date of removal—and gradually increasing to a maximum of $600,000 after forty years.

It is through the utilization of such funds to do things that are *not now financially feasible* that the destruction of the sentimentally valued "heirloom" can be justified. It is only if the possession of such an annual assured income to *supplement* the money subscribed nationwide by its friends brings about a new mood and attitude toward the total year-round operation that the supervision of those presently responsible can be marked wise and forward-looking, as well as merely budget-conscious.

What is needed is a new concept of the term "budget," by which it signifies an ally rather than an ever-present taskmaster. Such a new concept would take in larger consideration of financing new projects through foundation support than has been utilized to date. There is, too, a Lincoln Center Fund, whose "educational" intent could be furthered by ventures at the new Met. What is at issue is a better balance between art and entertainment than is presentably available. At the least the present roster of performers should be amended to include more who are honestly entitled to be described as "artists"; otherwise the exodus into the Promised Land will be less an advance than—in military terms—a retreat to previously prepared positions.

There are, in any case, two full seasons in which the problem of talent can be assessed, and something more fitting to the marble halls of which we are all dreaming brought into being. What we need, really, is a man of boldness and vision, with a critical eye for current weaknesses and a strong sense of possible alternatives, to assert the necessary leadership. What I am describing, of course, is the Rudolf Bing of 1950. Can he do it again? Only if he cares enough.

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"Don Giovanni" from Aix

MOZART: *"Don Giovanni." Teresa Stich-Randall, Suzanne Danco, Anna Moffo, sopranos; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Antonio Campo, Marcello Cortis, André Vessières, Raffaele Arie, basses. Hans Rosbaud conducting the Orchestre de la Societé des Concerts du Conservatoire and the Chorus of the Aix-en-Provence Festival. Pathé-Vox OPBX 162-3. $9.95.*

WHEN the Aix-en-Provence *Don Giovanni* was re-released (it had been available previously as a Pathé import from France), the Schwann catalogue already listed seven other recordings of the opera. Though none was ideal—asking for perfection in a work so complex is asking for too much—each had a definite distinction. The ensemble of the old Glyndebourne performance (Electrola) was striking, as was the logic of Fricsay's tempi on DGG; the Don of George London and the Elvira of Sena Jurinac strengthened Epic's entry; RCA's version under Leinsdorf boasted a remarkable set of male principals, counterbalanced, in a sense, by the strongest of feminine trios on Angel; London's entry under Krips served, in general, as a model of the post-War Vienna Mozart style; and Cetra's decidedly Italianate *Giovanni* benefited from an unusually suave baritone hero in Giuseppe Taddei (Angel's Leporello!).

It would be unrealistic to pretend that Aix could compete with its rivals on any of the above counts. But this is a remarkably attractive *Don Giovanni* nevertheless, thanks primarily to a sound conductor, a cast well-balanced for the most part, and, not least of all, a price with budget-appeal.

The charm of Mozart in Aix has always involved the team spirit of the personnel involved. The Festival cannot afford to hire established stars (although many have emerged from there), and it must make do with a less than perfect orchestra. That strong leadership can minimize such drawbacks, however, was demonstrated by the late Hans Rosbaud in the 1956 *Don Giovanni* preserved here.

Aix has not been fortunate in finding a replacement for Rosbaud, by the way; recent Mozart performances there have been on quite a different level. Rosbaud was not only an apt stylist, but a leader of infectious temperament as well. His *Don Giovanni* is seldom a profound experience, for the conductor chose to stress the comic elements more than the tragic ones. But this is a legitimate approach, and Rosbaud proved himself at all times a unifier of dissimilar vocal contributions, a knowing recitative accompanist—he plays the harpsichord himself—and a man of tasteful musical instincts.

Stich-Randall's Donna Anna had the same controversial qualities eight years ago it has today, the only difference being that they are more pronounced now. She sings with uncanny accuracy and purity of tone, but also with that thin, disembodied, vibrato-less sound that has become her personal trademark. The dramatic excesses that in the opera house have made her Anna more a hysterical fury than is necessary are not apparent here. And her light, Zerlina-like timbre blends nicely—almost too nicely—with those of Danco (also Zerlina-like) and Moffo (the real Zerlina).

Moffo's soubrette has uncommon charm, but none of the mannerisms that have flawed her recent, more dramatic, impersonations in New York. Certainly she is a more convincing Zerlina than Manon or Marguerite. Gedda's tenor was a more flexible, lyric instrument eight years ago than it is today, and his recorded Ottavio is more sensitive than its Metropolitan reincarnation of past seasons.

THE excellence of Danco's Elvira, restrained though it is, serves as a reminder of how miscast she was as Anna on the London recording. She almost makes "Mi tradi" sound easy. Only Arie's forceful Commendatore is on a comparable level. The late Marcello Cortis (Leporello) was one of those buffos who try to compensate for vocal limitations with comic exaggerations, but he is authoritative nevertheless, as is Vessières as Masetto.

The most serious flaw involves the interpreter of the title role, one Antonio Campo. His singing is weak in expression, stodgy in phrasing, and haphazard in technique. As if to compensate for the central casting, Vox has provided its customers with a great Giovanni in sight, if not in sound. The smiling Don on the album cover is, not Campo, but Francisco d'Andrade, a famous turn-of-the-century protagonist as painted by Max Slevogt.

The recorded sound, mono only, is never less than adequate.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

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LETTERS TO THE

RECORDINGS EDITOR

Reiner, Stock & Co.

I WOULD LIKE TO add some minor points to Irving Kolodin's excellent article on Fritz Reiner [*SR*, Dec. 28]. First of all, a minor point. There is an implication that the orchestra's long-time conductor, Dr. Frederick Stock, retired from his conductorship of the Chicago Symphony. In point of fact, he died suddenly—I believe it was of a heart seizure—in the beginning of the 1941 season.

While it is true that there was a somewhat fallow period in the Chicago Symphony after his death, I can recall at least one year when the orchestra rose to significant heights. I refer to the year in which the late Artur Rodzinski was conductor.

ROBERT W. WEIDNER,
Chairman, Music Department,
University of Dubuque.
Dubuque, Iowa

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The good Rodzinski year was part of the pattern of "uncertainty" to which reference was made in the article. Stock's death occurred at the beginning of the 1942 season.*

Reiner and von Bülow

THE RECENT ARTICLE on Fritz Reiner was excellent. I heard him conduct at various times (from the 1920s in Cincinnati to the 1960s in Chicago). He always reminded me of Hans von Bülow as Richard Wagner regarded him—a sound and scholarly musician with a minimum of exhibitionism. *C'est la vie et la mort.*

ALLISON MCMILLIN.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Bergonzi and Constable

THE REVIEW OF THE Ricci recording, *Glory of Cremona* [*SR*, Dec. 28] prompted me to report on what I consider a somewhat remarkable coincidence.

I am American-born, but my parents came from Cremona. And naturally, I am proud that Mr. Ricci included a Bergonzi among the "greats." I learned from the record jacket that the Bergonzi on which he played is the "Constable," named after Sir Clifford Constable, an early owner.

At present, I live in Greenwich Village, and my landlady (who lives below) is Mrs. William Constable, whose late husband was of Sir Clifford's line.

So you see, two centuries and thousands of miles apart, there is once more an association between the Bergonzis and the Constables.

DANTE BERGONZI.
New York, N.Y.

Wurlitzer and the Cremonas

IRVING KOLODIN'S REVIEW of *Glory of Cremona* [*SR*, Dec. 28] contains an erroneous statement giving the late Rembert Wurlitzer credit for making available from *his* collection all the great violins played by Mr. Ricci for this unusual recording. I believe investigation of this statement will show that while Mr. Wurlitzer wrote the accompanying brochure, not more than one, if any, of these old violins was part of Mr. Wurlitzer's collection.

HARRY CARDELL.
New Hyde Park, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The late Rembert Wurlitzer collected most of the instruments from their owners for the purpose of this recording, which led to the confusion between the one he owned and the many he "collected" from private sources.*

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 44

introduced as "one of the most articulate of contemporary composers." They must have been disappointed.

The lecture-recital contained no lecture. Even worse, Stockhausen contradicted his verbal buildup by refusing to be articulate. His all-too-brief remarks made only this point: Form no longer exists *per se*; every new composition must establish its own rules, and each one is a law unto itself. To prove this, Stockhausen retired from the stage "to let the music speak for itself." It did so rather feebly.

There were plenty of interesting isolated sounds to be sure. Stockhausen demonstrated that he can manipulate a broad tonal vocabulary—human *and* machine-made—with variety and imagination. What he has yet to prove, for this listener at least, is that the vocabulary is meaningful, that it is esthetic as well as scientific, and that it can evoke anything but the most basic emotional responses.

Of the four pieces performed, *Zyklus for One Percussion Player* (1959) turned out to have the most easily discernable form, and thus was the most

obvious link to the would-be-lecture's title. In it, Max Neuhaus surrounded himself with a ring of drums, gongs, and other banging instruments. Then he played a relatively intriguing game of chance with himself, as he worked his way around the circle of instruments. (*Zyklus* means *cycle*. Get it?)

A set of Piano Pieces (1957), played by David Tudor, proved almost as percussive and fragmentary in content, but gentler in dynamic structure. The composer himself turned percussionist (and occasional grunter) in *Refrain for Three Players*. Then the evening closed with the lengthy *Kontakte*, performed as an exercise in which piano and percussion respond to electronic ejaculations, mostly ferocious. This added a new dimension to the all-electronic version recorded by DGG [see *SR*, June 29, 1963]. Like everything else on the program however, *Kontakte* revealed some fascinating, valid ideas, but ran out of them far too soon. Perhaps a little explanation (indoctrination?) would have helped.

—Martin Bernheimer.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1555

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Late 19th-cent. German Romance philologist 1842-1927).

B. Describing the care that Dr. Johnson's Mr. Robert Levet brought to "misery's darkest cavern" (Bartlett thirteenth edition).

C. The water between the SW tip of Europe and Africa (after *The*).

D. "Anglo-Saxon" expressions of joy by the King's messenger, Haigha, in "Alice".

E. Specifying something either liquid or gaseous.

F. Small nematode which attacks an important grain, traveling up through the stem to the ear.

G. Pianist now musical dir. of Rochester Philharmonic.

H. View scenery, usually from a commanding point, esp. in the far distance (2 wds.).

I. In similar manner.

J. To tan; darken as with shade.

K. Command, dominion, competency.

L. Scoffer.

WORDS

160 143 125 180 57 19 106 169 79 133

145 18 96 42 130 24

90 34 83 150 194 181 67

119 27 177 80 54 68 61 44 111

173 144 2 53 170 113 188 156

98 35 105 55 15 138 6 37 187

142 165 21 4 193 182

146 41 126 72 186 162 168

88 25 151 65 127 112 136 1

47 5 11 78 172 175 69

121 7 74 99 38 22 17 128 52

171 161 101 48 109 104

DEFINITIONS

M. Eastern queen with a famous gift of gab.

N. Last "mile of females" in *Pickwick*, with whom the coachman was "on the amicablest terms".

O. Dizzy.

P. Chief of Mediterranean allied air forces, 1944.

Q. Medicine man of Amer. Indians.

R. One who assumes an air of intellectual superiority (comp.).

S. Evaluate.

T. Babylonian god of wisdom, agriculture, and schools.

U. Right and left; right and wrong; opposing points of view (2 wds.).

V. Proverbial saying.

W. Want of connection.

X. Florence Nightingale's famous illumination.

Y. In Arthurian legend the country which sank into the sea off Cornwall.

WORDS

148 92 134 62 132 174 167 13 122 82 147 155

76 71 131 154 183 176 85 195 58

63 33 87 102 153 178 49 117 36 182 31

139 59 107 28 51

39 129 95 116 3 32

91 100 190 16 97 140 20 45

110 184 26 10 8 196

60 30 103 179

14 9 192 118 89 124 166 108

94 84 163 158 66 43

115 86 185 77 149 73 157 141 29 50 137

56 164 120 159 46 64 23 75 191

70 114 93 189 81 135 12 40 123

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

1 I	2 E	3 Q	4 G	5 J	6 F	7 K	8 S		9 U	10 S	11 J	12 Y		13 M	14 U	
15 F	16 R	17 K	18 B		19 A	20 R	21 G	22 K		23 X	24 B	25 I	26 S	27 D	28 P	29 W
30 T	31 O		32 Q	33 O	34 C	35 F		36 O	37 F	38 K	39 Q	40 Y		41 H	42 B	
43 V	44 D	45 R		46 X	47 J	48 L	49 O		50 W	51 P	52 K	53 E	54 D	55 F	56 X	
57 A	58 N	59 P	60 T	61 D	62 M	63 O	64 X	65 I	66 V	67 C		68 D	69 J	70 Y	71 N	72 H
73 W		74 K	75 X	76 N		77 W	78 J	79 A	80 D	81 Y	82 M	83 C	84 V		85 N	86 W
87 O	88 I	89 U	90 C	91 R		92 M	93 Y	94 V	95 Q	96 B	97 R		98 F	99 K	100 R	101 L
102 O		103 T	104 L	105 F	106 A	107 P	108 U		109 L	110 S	111 D	112 I	113 E	114 Y		115 W
	116 Q	117 O	118 U		119 D	120 X	121 K	122 M	123 Y	124 U		125 A	126 H	127 I		128 K
129 Q	130 B	131 N	132 M		133 A	134 M	135 Y	136 I	137 W		138 F	139 P	140 R	141 W		142 G
	143 A	144 E	145 B	146 H	147 M		148 M	149 W	150 C	151 I	152 O		153 O	154 N	155 M	
156 E	157 W	158 V	159 X	160 A		161 L	162 H		163 V	164 X	165 G	166 U	167 M		168 H	169 A
170 E	171 L		172 J	173 E	174 M		175 J	176 N	177 D	178 O	179 T	180 A	181 C		182 G	183 N
184 S		185 W	186 H	187 F	188 E	189 Y	190 R		191 X	192 U		193 G	194 C	195 N	196 S	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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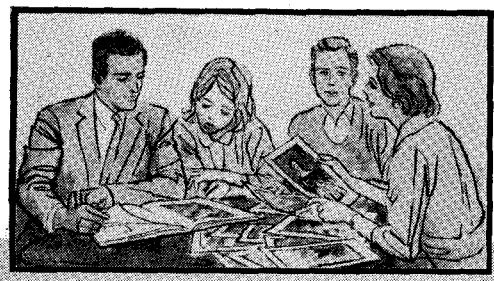

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separately or by the family together
—in the "indoor months" ahead

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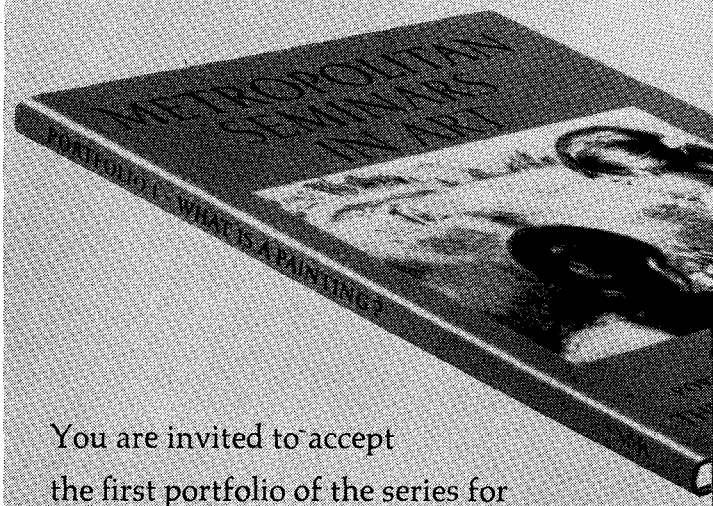

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ABSTRACTION	FRESCO	THE ARTIST AS A VISIONARY

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